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No. 344

THE PAUSE BETWEEN.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Oh, would that your thoughts I could read, In the silence that lies between, Your soft voice, so sweet, so serene, When my eyes so fondly plead.

The spell holds me breathless the while, In the silence followed by fear, When the music's still on my ear Of the words you wreathed in a smile.

There's pleasure, and yet there is pain, In the pause that follows my words, Which alternate sweeps the heart's chords With a thrill and with a refrain.

Ah, darling, allow me to guess Why you droop your eyelids so shy, And dwell on that love laden sigh; Am I right in surmising it "Yes?"

Though you no word yet have spoken, Your mild eyes gazing in mine, From which I see love's beacon shine, Tell me that the silence is broken.

The blush on your cheek cannot screen Your secret that's out now at last, And my doubts and fears are all past, That came in your sweet pause between.

The Phantom Spy;

THE PILOT OF THE PRAIRIE

BY BUFFALO BILL, (HON. WM. F. CODY.)
AUTHOR OF "DEADLY EYE," "THE PRAIRIE
ROVER," "KANSAS KING," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

BRAVO BOB AT WORK. When Bravo Bob lowered the package to Prairie Pilot, by the aid of a string made by cutting his blanket into strips, he drew up the line when he felt it relieved of its burden, and at once began to descend the other slope of the hill range

After a walk of a mile he came to a small valley, thickly overgrown with grass, and through which trickled a stream of clear wa-

Here, unsaddled and picketed out, were two steeds. One was the property of Bravo Bob, the other none other than Racer, whom the guide had caught running loose upon the prairie, and who, recognizing him, instantly trotted

"Well, old fellows, you have had a rich feast and good rest; now to work?" said Bravo Bob, kindly, and he at once set to work to saddle and bridle the steeds.

Giving them a drink from the cool spring, he then mounted his own horse, and, followed by Racer, rode along around the edge of the val-

After a short ride he halted at the foot of the hill leading up to the rear side of the chasm, and hitching the two animals, ascended cautiously the steep path, until, in the moonlight, ne discovered the bold face of the cliff, and the

fissure that he knew was the cut-in dividing

the mountain in twain. "Now I must be cautious, or I'll have to use my rifle, and that might spoil all," he muttered, and throwing himself upon the ground he wormed along like a snake, slowly and noise lessly drawing nearer to a large bowlder where he knew, from his observation taken in the daytime, the two guards were stationed.

It was fully an hour before he drew near the bowlder, against which stood the form of a man, gazing at the moon as it arose above the distant hilltops.

At his feet, close against the rock, lay a muffled form, the other guard, wrapped in sleep,

Bravo Bob was now within twenty feet of the guards, and the moonlight shining full in his handsome face showed that it was marred by a look of stern determination.

"It is a pity, and a dirty job, but I must do

"If he was an Indian I would not hesitate; still, Prairie Pilot must not die!" So saying, Bravo Bob arose quickly and si-lently to his feet; his knife was held in his upraised right hand, and then glittered like a wheel of diamonds in the moonlight as it was

hurled with unerring and terrible force at the silent and unsuspecting guard. Fair and deadly it struck him in the neck. crunching through bone and muscle, and send-

ing the strong man quickly to the ground.

With two mighty bounds Bravo Bob threw himself upon the half-awake and recumbent guard, and a clutch of iron was upon his

"Struggle one instant and you shall die," he sternly cried in the bandit's ear, while with his other hand he held a pistol to his head.

"You hold the winning hand, pard," said the man, as Bravo Bob released his clutch upon

"Yes, and I intend to win the game. Your comrade lies there, dead, as you see, and you shall quickly follow him if you are not willing to do as I ask you.'

You want me to betray my comrades-"No! I wish you to lead me, singly, into their camp. Are you afraid of a single man?" "No, and if you are willing to take the

chances, come on; but you must be crazy." "I am not crazy; I only have a duty to per-

"Lead me to the spot I desire, and back here, and I ask no more. "Then I will spare your life; attempt to be-tray me, and you shall die."
"When am I to be free?"



"Upon my return to this spot; I will then bind you and leave you here for the morning guard to find you—or—"

"Or what- " release you in time to return here by daylight; and then you can tell what lie you please, about being attacked, your comrade being killed and "Miss Radcliff, I can give you a seat behind eing attacked, your comrade being killed and

ly replied the bandit, whose whole manner and through the forest. conversation proved that he had seen better days

knife from the stiffening neck of the other guard, Bravo Bob securely bound his captive's timber. nands, and holding firmly on to his arm, bade

him proceed. The bandit at once led off, and approaching the cut in the cliff, entered it, and moved rapidly on in the darkness, for ever and anon they would have to pass through a rocky tunnel. After a walk of ten minutes they came to

where a large mass of rock had fallen, forming a huge cavern beneath. When about to enter into the darkness of this, from the indistinct light that penetrated down into the canon, a stern voice suddenly

cried: 'Hold! on your lives halt!" Both Bravo Bob and his prisoner were mo-nentarily startled by the sudden challenge; but

the former cried quickly: "The Prairie Pilot-hoop-la!"

larkness of the cavern, Prairie Pilot confronted his friend.

'This is one of the guards at the mouth of

"And the other is-"

"Here!-Miss Radcliff, this is my friend Bravo Bob, the best scout on the plains," and at the introduction Ruth came forward and clasping the hand of Bravo Bob, said feel-

"And to whom we, in a great measure, owe our escape. "Now, Bob, we'll be off. Come."

Again the bandit led the way, his captor by is side, and in a few moments more they came out at the front of the cliff.

Bravo Bob said quickly: "Now, my man, you have done your part of the Atlantic board.

our contract—will you have us bind you and leave you here, or carry you with us a few miles and turn you loose?"

am suspected by my comrades my life is not.

"All right; come on." Again Bravo Bob led the way, the Prairie Pilot quietly taking Ruth up in his strong arms and carrying her down the steep and rocky hill- Under the care of Colonel Radcliff, Ida ha ide, for, retarded as she was by her long skirt, and wearing light shoes, she could not have eas-

reached the foot of the hill.

"Not so bad as that, comrade, for I have the Racer with me.

The delight of Prairie Pilot was unbounded, and the next moment he stood beside his gal-"I will carry you with me a few miles, and lant steed, and warmly patted his neck, while

me, for Racer can easily do double duty," said | the bandit party, and with it was mingled the you beating back the enemy single-handed." me, for Racer can easily do double duty," said Prairie Pilot, and raising Ruth to her seat, he Sunday-school teacher used to say, when urging me to catch at religion as a means of salva-Bravo Bob having mounted, with his prisoner But by whom? tion, so I will accept your terms," disconsolate- behind him, the party set off at a slow trot

A ride of several miles brought them to a ere he entered upon a life of crime.

Searching his prisoner to see that he had no

Valley, and here the prisoner was told to dismount and return to his post, which he gladly

mount and return to his post, which he gladly

the prairie by fresher and larger trails, and arms secreted about his person, and drawing his did, thanking Bob kindly for his life, and the they knew not which way to go

"Now, Bravo, it is a hundred miles to the dians, whom the impetuous colonel at once atfort, and we must push on rapidly, for both tacked. the Racer and your horse can stand it—if Miss

Radeliff can?" "I can stand any fatigue to once more reach home," earnestly replied Ruth, and at a rapid | nel Radcliff ordered a return to the fort, hoping pace the two animals were urged forward in against hope that his daughter might have retheir flight from the bandit camp of the Her-

CHAPTER IX.

THE RETURN.
BLUE WATER settlement was a bevy of pleaant prairie farms, with a fort on the river, and within easy call, in case of danger from Indians spies and scouts, offering a large reward for on the war-path and marauding bands of outlaws, who often raided upon the pioneer settlers of the far frontier.

"Bob, old fellow, a moment more and I wealthy settler by the name of Amos Arlinghead bent down, Colonel Radcliff was pacing ou here?" and, springing forward, out of the ton, a man of fifty years of age, and a genial to and fro in front of his quarters, when a wild

Once Amos Arlington had been a wealthy planter in Arkansas, but the death of his wife, whom he loved almost to idolatry, caused him to dispose of his plantation, and leaving his "In the devil's employ; but come, we have only child, a daughter of eight years of no time to tarry—where is your fellow cap- with his sister, he emigrated to the far West and settled upon the place where he dwelt at

the time of the opening of this story. til they formed a pleasant community, and near them was the fort, with a hundred soldiers and and Bravo Bob having dismounted, were prea dozen officers, several of whom had their wives sented to the colonel by the happy Ruth. with them.

Colonel Arthur Radcliff, a man under forty the hand of Prairie Pilot. years of age, although his daughter, Ruth, was

eighteen years of age. had passed his military life mostly in forts on

The coming of the colonel and his beautiful scouts for this post?" daughter to the outpost was a happy event for daughter of the settler, came with them, the my friend, Bravo Bob. two maidens having been schoolmates, and of course delighted that they would still be near

come West, and was lovingly welcomed by the father, and warmly greeted by all.

It was when riding over to see her friend now at the post—at least there are none of Ida, that Ruth Radcliff had suddenly ridden up-"Miss Radcliff can ride your horse, Bob, While we walk," said Prairie Pilot, as they on a small party of bandit scouts, and had been work." carried off to the stronghold.

When she did not return at night, her father rode over to the Arlington homestead, and learned with horror that she had not been there

At once the alarm was spread, and the settlers and soldiers joined in the search; but morning came and no tidings were had of the missing girl. Then a scout discovered the strange trail of

hoof-tracks of Ruth's horse, and it was known

That was the vexing question, and in almost despair her father headed a scouting party, and

At length they took the trail leading southward, and came upon a hunting party of In-

After the loss of two soldiers and a dozen of the red-skins, it was discovered that they were not the guilty kidnappers, and in despair Colo-

turned, or been discovered by some of the other parties who had gone forth in search of the missing maiden. But, after an absence of several days, the sorrowing father found that no trace of poor Ruth could be found, and almost heart-broken, he could do no more than to again send forth

any tidings of the maiden The evening of the fourth day since the disappearance of Ruth was approaching, and with

shout startled him from his reverie. Glancing quickly up he saw two horsemen approaching him at a gallop, and behind the one mounted upon a superb black horse he caught sight of a girlish form and long flutter-

ing skirt.
Tottering forward, for he was weak from very joy, he caught in his outstretched arms his restored daughter, who, with a flood of joy Around him had gathered other settlers, un- ous tears, laid her head upon her father's breast A few words then told all, and Prairie Pilot

rith them.

"I have heard of you, sir, ere I came West, and often since I have been on the border—you ed there a week before this story opens, was are a scout, I believe?" and the colonel grasped "I am, sir.

"And I have much to thank you for, and At the sight of the dead guard Ruth shudder-ed, and drew closer to the Prairie Pilot, while man, a severe, almost cruel disciplinarian, who pay; but still, I can give you a position with sir, and your companion, too. "Will you accept the position of chief of

"Colonel Radcliff, I did but my duty, sir, those stationed there, and doubly glad were the toward your daughter. I deserve no thanks or "The latter would look best for me—for if I younger officers and gallants of the settlement, reward for it. I am a scout, a guide, a hunter, when they learned that Ida Arlington, the anything that men choose to call me, and so is

> 'As you offer me a position with you, I accept it, but as no reward for my services. Yet Bob, here, must be second to me in rank, for to Under the care of Colonel Radeliff, Ida had ome West, and was lovingly welcomed by the "You shall both remain with me, for I am

not pleased with either of the scouts or guides

Bravo Bob at once were installed in their new quarters, greatly to the pleasure of all at the fort, and also of the settlers, who were glad to feel that two such famous scouts were to be in their midst, for afar off was echoing the rum-ble of an Indian war, which the attack of Colonel Radcliff a few days before upon an innocent band—at least innocent of the charge of kidnapping Ruth—had done much to kindle into

Then again the Hermit Chief and his outlaw band were beginning to grow daily more bold and troublesome, and the settlers, as well as the

With the greatest joy Ida Arlington welcomed her friend back, and the two maidens held a long talk together over the adventures of Ruth, who told Ida how noble and brave was the Prairie Pilot.

"He certainly is the handsomest man I ever saw, not excepting my splendid Rafael," said

"He is, indeed, and Bravo Bob is a splendid fellow, too. If it were not for Rafael Ran-dolph I believe you would love him, Ida—" "As you do his friend, Prairie Pilot, eh?' "Nonsense, Ida," and Ruth's face turned

"Well, I predict that it will not be 'nonnse, Ida,' and that you will love the scout as

learly as he loves you—" 'Loves me?" "Yes, how could he help it? But, I declare, Ruth, how strange it is that we two, who were belles in New York, should slight the city beaux and find men to love on the frontier of the far West!"

Strange, but true, Ida." "Ha! you admit it, then?"
"I admit that I never saw a man who held the influence over me which the Prairie Pilot does, and yet I do not even know his name."

"Well, I hope true love will run smooth in both cases, and that you can marry your hero next fall, when I do Rafael." "What! do you intend to marry so soon,

Ida? "Yes; I have told my father all, and when Rafael visits us in a month or two, as he said he would, and proves all I hope of him, we will

be married."
"Why, it is only a few weeks since you met

"Yes, but you remember he saved my life, when that Indian chief seized me and bore me away from camp, when I refused to become Mrs. Big-Bear-with-the-long-claw."
"True, he saved your life, and is a hand-

some fellow, and though apparently a little wild, seemed to be a good fellow; but, do you know him, or aught of him?"

'Ruth, he says he is the son of a wealthy trader in Texas, and, fond of a life on the plains, is his father's business agent out here. We traveled two weeks together, you know, coming West, know Rafael thoroughly. Certain it is that I love him."

"I hope you will find him all you believe him to be, Ida—but—but-"Ruth, what do you know of the Prairie Pi

"Nothing," and as she replied Ruth Radcliff's face became crimson, for she felt that the tables had been turned upon her, when she was moralizing with Ida upon loving a young man who had joined their caravan by accident, for Rafael Randolph had been riding along over

the prairie one night when there suddenly flit-

ted by him two dark forms. A cry, a woman's voice, sent him in chase, and after a desperate encounter with a huge Indian chief of the Sioux, he had slain him and rescued Ida Arlington from his power, for, a hunter for the train going West, he had seen and loved the maiden, whom he had seized and borne away with him.

From that night Rafael Randolph continued on with the train, until it neared Blue Water settlement, when he left, taking a southern trail, and promising before long to see the beautiful girl whom he had rescued from a fearful fate, and who had promised to become his wife.

Thus was it that both Ruth and Ida had met with a strange and thrilling adventure, and both learned to love the men who had rescued them from their danger.

CHAPTER X.

PRAIRIE PILOT AT BAY. THE hope of the maidens, "that their true

love would run smoothly," was certainly not realized in the case of Ruth, for her father, Colonel Radcliff, was a keen-sighted man, and it took him a very short while to discover not only that Prairie Pilot loved his daughter with all the strength of his strong nature, but also that she returned that love; for, a deep reader of human nature, the colonel read Ruth's secret while others only suspected it.

True, the scout was a gentleman, and certainly a thoroughly educated one, and his manners were as polished as those of any society beau; but then, over his life hung a mystery, and his real name was not even known at the

On entering upon his duties as chief of scouts, Prairie Pilot at once set to work to discipline his force, and soon had under his command as brave and efficient a set of hunters, guides and scouts as any fort could desire, and his services to the commandant soon became in-

But then, he had been engaged to scout, not to make love, and Colonel Radcliff could not forgive him the offense of loving his daugh-

Upon the part of Prairie Pilot he seemed Thus it was decided, and Prairie Pilot and ever on the lookout to serve the interests of

-E--- Was Baruroay Lownman. ----

and then passed a leisure hour with Ruth, he never neglected a single duty, and day and "You have made a serious charge, prisoner" never neglected a single duty, and day and night seemed constantly in the saddle.

Seeming to realize fully the danger ahead, for rumors of Indian troubles were upon every breeze, Prairie Pilot urged Colonel Radcliff to strengthen his defenses, and also to organize the settlers into a kind of military reserve, while they also strengthened their own houses for a state of siege in case of attack.

Colonel Radcliff acted promptly upon all the suggestions of Prairie Pilot, for he had perfect confidence in him; but, between the two there seemed to exist a restraint, noticeable from their first meeting upon the part of the

At length Colonel Radcliff heard a rumor in circulation, that Prairie Pilot and Ruth were destined to make a match, and this so angered him that he forbade Ruth to see the scout alone again.

This command the colonel believed was obeyed, until one afternoon he beheld the two lovers quietly walking together upon the river-

This so infuriated the father, that he seized Ruth by the shoulder and rudely bade her go to her quarters, and then, turning to the scout

said, angrily: "I've a mind, sir, to lay my sword over your shoulders, for your presuming to—"
"I advise you not to attempt it, Colonel Radcliff, for I am not always a patient man," was

the cool interruption of the scout. In a frenzy of rage, Colonel Radcliff drew his sword, and, unheeding the cry of Ruth for him to forbear, he raised the weapon, as though

to strike the Scout. Instantly it was seized, dragged violently from his hand and hurled into the river, where

it sunk from sight. "Ho! ho! the guard!" yelled the maddened officer, and two soldiers, on duty a short dis tance away, ran rapidly toward him.

"Behold yonder mutineer! Take him pris The soldiers advanced in surprise to obey

when the stern, ringing voice of the scour caused them to halt:

"Hold! men, if you advance on me you per il your lives.' "Father, oh, father, be noble, be generous

for you are forgetting yourself. That man saved me from a terrible fate," cried Ruth, seizing the arm of her parent, who was wild with

But he heeded her not, and throwing her roughly aside, cried in loud tones: "Attention! shoot that man down in his

The soldiers hesitated, and loud the order rung out:

"Do you hear! shoot him down like a dog!" The Prairie Pilot, after hurling the sword of his commander into the river, had folded his arms upon his broad breast, and stood calm and quiet; his eagle eye ranging from Colonel Radcliff to the two soldiers, and then falling upon Ruth, while his face wore an expression rather of sorrow than anger.

At the colonel's order to the soldiers, his arms dropped from across his breast, and his right hand rested upon the butt of a revolver,

while his eyes flashed fire. At the second order to the troopers they raised their guns as if to obey, when suddenly the revolver of Prairie Pilot leaped from its holster, two rapid reports followed, and the two unfortunate men fell dead in their tracks. For an instant there fell upon all a silence o death, and then came a cry of alarm from the

fort, and Ruth rushed toward Prairie Pilot. You have killed them, but it was to save your own life. Fly now while you can. Yonder is your horse; fly while you can! For my sake

"I will go, for it were certain death to re main. Ruth, we shall meet again. Farewell,"
So saying the scout gave a shrill call, and quickly Racer dashed to his side, for he had been sting himself upon the luxurious grass that

grew upon the river bank. Colonel Radcliff rushed forward as if to detain him, but with a bound Prairie Pilot was in his saddle-a wave of his hand to Ruth, and with the speed of a bird he was away and soon

lost to sight in the timber. Frenzied by what had happened, Colonel Radcliff was almost beside himself, and loudly ordered men to start in pursuit and bring back

Prairie Pilot dead or alive. Though surprised at the order, it was prompt ly obeyed, and a score of fleet horsemen started in rapid pursuit, an Indian warrior, one of the scout's own men, striking the trail and leading the troopers in full chase of a man whom, an hour before, all in the fort looked upon and respected next to Colonel Radcliff himself (To be continued—commenced in No. 342.)

THE LYRE HATH MUSIC STILL.

The lyre hath music still—though Love
No longer bids its notes unfold;
Though harsher hands its numbers move
To ruder themes and cold;
Yet is there something in its tone
Which bends not to the coarser will—

A beauty undefined, unknown: The lyre hath music still.

The lyre hath music still—though years
Have robbed its strings of many a charm,

Some unexpected grace appears
Not even Time can harm.
The echo of forgotten song
Through every pulsing chord doth thrill,
As lovely, though neglected long:
The lyre hath music still.

The lyre hath music still.

The hand that once was wont to fling Enchantment o'er its trembling fram Is cold; yet will its pathos bring Remembrance of her name;

Of hers whose gentle fingers taught Its yielding strings their wondrous sidentification and the strings of their wondrous sidentification. The lyre hath music still.

Little Volcano, THE BOY MINER.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR., AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL'S EYE," "PACIFIC PETE." ETC. ETC.

> CHAPTER XXVII. WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.

LIKE a bombshell falling into a sleeping camp, came this bold assertion of the prisoner; for a moment the judge, jury and spectators stared in mute amazement—but then came changes. The burly foreman of the jury arose, his broad face fairly glowing, his voice half-smothered But a quiet motion from the judge quieted him.

Through this little bit of by-play, Little Volcano had been making good use of his eyes. He saw one pale, handsome face grow still whiter, and fancied he could hear the bitter, hissing oath that really came from beneath the droop He saw two of the jurymen ining mustache. change swift glances, and move uneasily upon their seats as though they were growing un comfortably warm. This much he saw and

the fort and settlement, and though he now noted before the voice of Judge Lynch broke

a very serious charge, and it is only right to tell you that it will only prejudice your own case unless you can prove your assertion, be-youd all doubt. If you have made it only with a view of gaining time, you had better with-draw it at once, while there is yet time."

"I have no wish to withdraw anything," nickly replied the boy miner. "What I have quickly replied the boy miner. said I can prove; and I stand ready to do so, if you insist. Though I can point out the guilty men, together with the man who has promised -if indeed they do not carry the blood-money in their pockets at this moment—them a certain sum if they will hold out until I am brought in guilty of enough to ensure my death, yet I hold no deep grudge against them, since they are little more than blind tools in the hands of a cowardly assassin. Though I can ruin them forever in the sight of all honest men, I would rather not—unless I am forced to do so. If your honor will agree, I will prove my charge by a witness to whom none of you This done, I am willing to rest my ease and abide by your honor's decision—if you say guilty, I will quietly submit, though inno

cent of any intentional crime."
"I hain't got the gift o' gab like he hes, blurted forth the foreman of the jury; 'but I reckon he means he wants the jury discharged. That won't work. Ef what he says is so, thar' some pizen mean cusses in our crowd, an' now he's got to p'int 'em out. Ef we're turned out ithout that, every durned galoot among us'll be 'spected by some fool or 'nuther. I say-let

him prove his words!" Your motives may be good ones, prisoner, said the judge, "but if your charge is true, it would be rank injustice to ten innocent men, vere we to do as you say. You must go on

and prove your words. 'Very well; as my first witness, I call Long

This announcement created not a little surorise, for all knew that there was little good will between the two men. The most surprised was probably Arkansaw Jack, but after a moment his puzzled look changed to a broad grin, and he started toward the gambler, who was radually edging his way out of the crowd Long Tom visibly shrunk as the heavy hand or Gabriel rested upon his shoulder, and he made

motion as though to draw a weapon 'Kinder easy, mister man," said Jack, his rawny right arm stiffening by his side as he poke. "Them tricks won't do here. You're vanted fer a minnit, an' I reckon you'll hev to

'I know nothing about the matter-why oes the fool pitch on me? He only wants to

Arkansaw Jack did not wait to hear the protest, but led the unwilling witness up to the stand, then drew back a pace; but Little Vol-cano could see that he held himself in readiness

for prompt action. Long Tom was duly sworn, though he took the oath most ungraciously, declaring that he

had no evidence to give.
"Your honor, I wish the witness to state the conversation that passed between him and a certain man, night before last, in the private oom back of his gambling-room.'

"Judge," angrily cried the gambler, "I will not submit to these insults—for such nonsense is nothing less. I repeat that I know nothing whatever of the matter in question, nor will I submit to be made a laughing-stock of by

"I believe you are asking too much, prisoner," said the judge.
"Very well—I will call my other witness first, then. Only you will please hold that man

ready to appear when wanted." At a word from the judge, Long Tom reluc tantly approached and took a seat beside him. Then Arkansaw Jack took the stand without waiting to be called. But before he did so, it was noticed that he spoke to two men, quietly took up their positions behind the bench elf, placed a revolver upon the table before Expecting, they scarce knew what, the spectators drew nearer, with every sense upon

"Jedge," deliberately began the giant, "I've got a dirty story to tell, an' I ain't a-gwine to put no whitewash over it, nuther. They's bin pesky heap o' shufflin' an' stockin' an' dealin from the bottom in this little game, but the keerds hain't all run out yit.

"The pris'ner yender sais as how two o' the jury was bought up, an' I'm gwine to prove it you've any cur'osity to know which ones they be-jest take a good look at 'em. You kin see it in thar faces; they'll look still greener afore I git through. I say this much jest to let 'em know that they's two good men close ahind em, who've got orders to plug 'em through ef they tries on any tricks. Now I'll talk busi-

"The fust time I began to smell mischief, was night afore last. I was off duty, an' put in a part o' my time at Long Tom's shebang, a buckin' faro a little. The game soon bu'sted up fer want o' players, most on 'em bein' out as ye know, a'ter that old critter. As I started to go out, I hearn Long Tom say a few words as set me to thinkin'. The man he spoke to staid ahind, when I went outside. They shet the do', but I'm a tol'able tall infant, an' so, by stannin' on a rock, I peeked in over the do'-top. They two was jest goin' down sullar like, but I knowed it was the way Long Tom got into his private room, That set me to thinkin' wuss'n ever, an' fina'ly I 'cluded to do a little watchin on my own a'count. I hung around ontel the feller came out. They didn't see me, 'twas so dark. The feller sais to Long Tom-I reckon he'd got purty full, from the way he talked he said, sais he: 'You kin 'pend on us. Me an' my mate 'll stick like wax; ef it takes a month, we'll git a verdict. I'd hang my own pap fer hafe the money!' That gave me the scent, for I knowed the man as said it was on this jury, an' a'ter that I kep' the trail mighty cluss. It kem out that same night, or ruthe mornin'. The varmint wasn't so drunk but he called out his mate to whar they thought nobody could hear to 'em. But I've played snake afore this, on smarter Alecks then them, an' 'twasn't hard to shadow 'em. Then I hearn the hull story.

"Long Tom-easy thar!" cried Arkansaw Jack, in a tone of thunder, rapidly covering the gambler with his revolver. "You jest set still gambler with his revolver. whooray fer the boss!" as Sheriff Hayes dextrously clasped a pair of handcuffs around the man's wrists. "Now I kin go on ag'in.

"Long Tom hed a big spite ag'in' the pris'ner vender, an' hed offered two thousan' dollars down if these two cusses would vote guilty, an' hold out ontel they brung the rest 'round to th same notion. Thar you hev it, short an' sweet. I've tuck my oath on it, an' it's true, every word." Then turning toward the jury, h

laughed, scornfully. Two men sat there alone, guilt written upon every feature. The foreman and his colleagues had drawn aside in angry disgust. A hiss of scorn arose from the spectators.

"Silence!" cried Judge Lynch, arising. "Mr. Gabriel, you will see that those two scoundrels are placed under strict guard-along with this fellow. They are a disgrace to humanity, and if I live, they shall receive their reward.

Now, gentlemen of the jury, you have heard this case, on both sides, It remains for you to pronounce on the prisoner's innocence or guilt. Where the evidence conflicts, you are to take that which you believe to be true. But all this you know. I will briefly run over the points, as I see them.

"One charge is that of murder. Two men have been killed, either maliciously, or in selfdefense. That they were dirty, no-'count rascals, I freely admit, and in one sense their death is a benefit to all decent people. But that isn't the point. If this gold-placer belonged to them, then their death was murder; if not-if the prisoner owned the chart, you must bring him in innocent of that charge,

The other charge-for that of robbery is included in the first count-is that of belonging to Joaquin's gang of cutthroats. I am free to admit that this point seems pretty much mixed. That he has been in Joaquin's camp, the prisoner admits; also that Joaquin has been of mate rial service to him at least twice subsequently But his own story, if you can believe it, explains that pretty clearly. These are the points, then, for you to consider. And so, gentlemen, the case lies in your hands."

The foreman whispered for a few minutes with his fellows, then arose and stated that they wished to be where they could discuss the subject more freely. At a nod from the judge, Arkansaw Jack conducted them to the log cabin, then returned, after locking them in.

Hour after hour passed by, slowly enough, without any sign from the jury, but no one thought of leaving the spot. A fire was kindled as night fell. As the hours rolled on, betting on the verdict became more and more animated. Little Volcano listened to the loud voices with a peculiar thrill; it was a novel sitnation for one to be in.

A figure gradually drew nearer, until it stood beside the prisoner. Alow, familiar hiss start-led him—a voice whispered:
"Hold yourself ready for quick work—

things is a-workin' Luckily, the darkness concealed his sudder start as he recognized the voice, but when he

looked around, the figure had vanished. At this moment came a startling soundoud voices raising that cry so thrilling-so appalling in its nature:

'Fire! Fire!—the town is on fire!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII

ZIMRI COON ON THE TRAIL. For the proper comprehension of the scenes to follow, a brief retrospective glance is neces-The reader, then, will please glance pack to the first day of the trial—to that por tion of it where the "Grand River Waughhoss" received his well-merited reward for au-

dacious perjury.
Until that moment Zimri Coon had never given a thought to escape, after seeing how closely they were guarded. To all outward appearances he was content that matters should take their course, satisfied that all would come out right in the end, that the innocent would not be called upon to suffer for the guilty. But the old digger was far from being as wholly at ease as he pretended. If there was one thing he dreaded more than death itself, it was "th law." This was partially owing to the teaching of his father, who had, if the truth would be cold, more than once come under its clutches, and still later, when Zimri was young, he was taken in by a "land shark," receiving a bogus leed in return for his last dollar, Zimri settled down to hard work, built him a double log nouse, put in a small crop, and was just on the point of starting off for a certain buxom young rirl who had promised to share his fortunes he proper time, when the actual owner of the land put in an appearance. Zimri did all he could, but the result can readily be imagined; he lost his little all. To cap the climax, his gave him the cold shoulder. That settled Zim-Cursing the law and all its instruments, he struck out into the trackless wilderness, turning up as a trapper in the employ of General Ashley, of St. Louis.

"The law kin make a white man outen a nigger, a Injun out of a 'John,' an' a angel 'th vings out o'a hundred year old Pi-ute squaw, he was wont to sav. 'I'd ruther rastle side olts with the devil hisself than to tetch its little finger 'th a forty-foot pole!"

Hence, though Zimri had a little more faith n lynch law, since it was generally administered by men of his own class, he gave himself over for lost when the trial fairly began, and he saw that perjury was in order. Then came the episode of Bill Blazes. He saw judge, juy and spectators all completely absorbed—for the time being utterly oblivious of everything else. He saw his chance, and eagerly pointed tout to Little Volcano. But the boy miner firm-

v refused to make the attempt. Conscious of his

own innocence, he could not believe that false vidence would convict him. There was no time to lose Already they could hear the loud yells of the tortured "waughloss." A moment's delay might be fatal. Un der any other circumstances Zimri Coon would have suffered death rather than desert his comrade, but—not law. He darted away with wonderful speed and noiselessness, heading for the hillside as the nearest point where he could gain cover. Yet, only for an accident, he might

have been discovered. Leaping over a low line of bushes, he stepped upon something round and yielding, falling flat o the ground, with a force that drove the breath out of his body for the moment. Before he could arise he heard the wild yell of surprise from below, and knew that his flight had been discovered. His first impulse was to take to his heels, but reason told him that such a course would be rank folly. There were too many horses and mules standing near, for that

A long life of danger and self-dependence had mickened his wits, and an emergency rarely found him without a plan to meet it with. Just His eye fell upon the moss-covered, worm-eaten log over which he had stumbled. Between it and the bushes lay a little hollow, where some rocks had been removed for build ing purposes. Hastily crawling into this, he cauiously rolled the log over until it fairly covered him, yet being supported in such a way that he could change his position whenever it became irksome.

And there he lay during the hot search; more than once the miners passed close beside him. without the faintest suspicion that the log covared the object of their search, even if they no ticed that it had been recently moved.

Those hours were the longest ones Zimri Coon ever passed, but he would have endured even more than that rather than to fall again into the clutches of the law. Though all sounds of pursuit soon died away, Zimri did not venture forth from his novel covert until long after the sun sunk to rest and night had settled over the the rescuers. earth. During this time his thoughts had been

Volcano must be rescued, if it lay in mortal power to accomplish it. But how? Alone, unarmed, himself hunted by scores of menprospect was gloomy enough. Still, before the time came when he felt it safe to leave his cov ert, Zimri had fully decided upon his plans, and once in motion he lost no time in carrying them out to the best of his ability.

Rolling back the log, he cautiously stole down the edilside and entered the town. Though carefully avoiding the lighted spots—which were few, as nearly every able-bodied man was still out in search of the fugitive, Zimri walked upright and with well-assumed carelessness. No one seeing him would have suspected the truth. Still he did not care to run any unnecessary risks, nor to lose any more time than he could help, and in a few minutes he paused beside a rude slab shanty, and gently tapped upon the door. There was no reply, and a chuckle of satisfaction broke from the old trapper's lips. He had counted upon the cabin being empty. He pulled a small strip of wood from between two slabs. the door opened, and like one well acquainted with the interior, Zimri entered. A few moments' fumbling in the dark gave him what he wanted, and after carefully closing the door, leaving all as he had found it, he rapidly glided across the valley, soon leaving the town far

behind him. 'Timber Dick 'll think the devil hes stole his old weepins," chuckled Zimri, as he fumbled at the revolver now in his belt. "I'll make it all right with him of this thing turns out-thunder! it must turn out right!'

Zimri knew that he was bound upon a mission of particular peril, and felt that he could not attempt it entirely unarmed. Reasoning that the end justified the means, he had entered Timber Dick's shanty and confiscated the revolver and ammunition belt which he knew always hung from a particular peg upon the wall. With this, both as a means of self-de fense and an aid in procuring food, he felt cap able of carrying out the bold plan he had forn ed while lying in his narrow prison upon the And that plan was to seek out uin Murieta, to tell him in what peril Little Tolcano was placed, mainly through him, and

o claim his assistance in rescuing him.

Not one thought did Zimri give to the danger ne himself would run in attempting to deliver this message, save as it would affect the prison If some of the outlaws did not pick him off before he could gain speech with Joaquin all might be well. Only—how was he to find Joaquin—where look for him? That was the The outlaw was here to-day, there to morrow. He thought little of traversing sev enty-five and even a hundred miles betwixt sun and sun. Knowing all this Zimri set about h s task with some hopes of success. He knew that the outlaw's wife had been badly injured he knew, too, that Joaquin held her dear as the apple of his eye. The country was up in arms against him. Jack Hayes and Harry Love had ooth raised companies with the avowed pur pose of hunting him down. He would be mor than usually prudent on his wife's account Knowing all this, Zimri Coon felt tolerably con fident that the outlaw would be found, if at all, up amid the mountains of the north, and to ward them he hastened now.

It is unnecessary to follow him step by step to record all his disappointments, to tell how sick his heart grew as the days flew rapidly by leaving him, seemingly, as far as ever from the object of his search. But he persevered, and his reward came at last.

He discovered the outlaws' retreat just at sunset, in a little valley nestling between the mountains. He saw that regular guards were placed at every possible point where an approach could be made. Yet, when night came, Zimri started for the camp, resolved to do or die. That was a terrible two hours, and aged him more than as many years. Not that he feared death so much for himself, but he knew that the life of his friend hung in the balance as well. Yet he passed the outposts undiscovered, and fairly entered the camp. He saw ward, and, before the outlaws divined the truth, he laid his only weapon at Murieta's feet and claimed his protection. Nor was his trust betrayed. The outlaw recognized him, and politely returned his pistol, bidding his

men fall back. Then Zimri told his story. He made Joaquin believe that Little Volcano owed his preent danger alone to his acquaintance with him -which was nearly correct, as the reader is aware. The appeal was not in vain. Murder er though he was, with hand stained in the neart's blood of scores of victims, Joaquin Murieta was as true a friend as he was a terrible

Within the hour they were upon the road. leaving only three or four trusted men to care for the women. Joaquin did not spare horse flesh. There was great fear lest they should be too late, ride hard as they might, and Zimri urged them on, unreasonably angry that they should tire before himself, cursing the poor horses whenever they absolutely required a

Yet, though his motives were good, perhaps t would have been better if he had failed in his task. Even if success should crown his efforts, such a rescue could only the more surely ondemn Little Volcano.

The vicinity of Hard Luck was reached at ast, and, while the horsemen halted under cover, Zimri crept up the ridge and breathlessly peered down upon the busy scene. Thank God! e was not too late!

He could see the judge, the prisoner—but the jury was absent. That told him the state of affairs. He returned to the party, and, firs sending a man to take his place, he consulted with Joaquin as to the best course of procedure. When he learned the probable number of spec tators, all of whom would be fully armed. Joaquin drew aside and pondered long and deep-

He knew it would be rank folly to attemp an open rescue, with his handful of men, scarce y half as many as the spectators. There must be a diversion—and to that point his strong mind was bent. Gradually his brow cleared and he gave to Zimri the result of his cogita-

"If they do not attempt to hang him befor dark." he said. "I think we can manage it. they do-then we will charge them and do what we can: at least I will not live to see my friend murdered. If they do delay until dark ten. Six of my men will enter the town, ready for work. They will set fire to as many houses—the larger the better. In the confusion that follows we must do our work. If we could only warn him _"

"I'll do that," eagerly cried Zimri. "I kin reep in among 'em, like I did on your fellers. I'll see that the boy is ready for whatever may

And so it was decided: all depending upon whether the jury should give in a verdict be fore night came to cover the movements of

Bundles of grass and cloth were formed, min-On one point he was resolved. Little gled with dried twigs and sprinkled with gun-

powder, over all of which were emptied every liquor-flask in the party. With these bundles the six chosen men were armed, as the night descended, and the moment of action drew

Zimri made a circuit and entered the town from the upper end, and managed to mingle with the crowd, escaping recognition by keepng some distance from the fire. all that party caught the first faint light of the indling fires, and gliding forward he managed to gain a position immediately behind the pris-oner. He uttered the old familiar signal, and saw that Little Volcano had not forgotten it. Then he uttered the warning already recorded, and, slipping aside, prepared for action. At every risk he must prevent any one seizing the prisoner until Joaquin should bring up the main

Then the alarm broke forth-fire! fire!

CHAPTER XXIX.

JOAQUIN TO THE RESCUE.

THE alarm found Zimri Coon ready and im-He promptly took up the patient for work. cry—yelling fire fit to split his throat, but at the same time pressing closer to the boy miner's side. Instantly all was confusion. shouts still came from the town, where Joaquin's men were now performing the second act, straining their voices to increase the up roar and confusion. Added to this came the shrill screams of women—and over all the fast increasing ruddy glare as the flames shot high-

There was a momentary pause, during which each man of the startled crowd gazed vacantly toward the direction whence the alarm proceeded—but only for a moment. One hoarse, peculiar roar of voices arose as, with one accord, the diggers sprung forward, forgetting all else save the fire beyond; and foremost among them were Jack Hayes and Arkansaw

Jack Old Zimri could not suppress a yell of exultation as he saw how perfectly his plans were being carried out. Then he was beside Little

Volcano, crying, eagerly "Come, little 'un," as he shook the boy min-er by the shoulder. "Puckachee's the word. The furder we git from here afore daybreak the

healthier I'll feel. Come—"
"Skip out, old man—don't let them find you here, or they'll say you had a finger in this dirty work. Go—before it's too late—I'm going to

stay and see the thing out. You cain't mean it, lad-they'll hang ye, shore as cats ain't dogs! Come, quick! They's true fri'nds cluss to han' only waitin' fer you.

Wake up an' make haste-"No-I never ran away from an enemy

These words passed in breaths quick almost as thought itself. The crowd had barely passed them by, rushing in hot haste toward the fires. All had joined in the stampede save two men besides Zimri Coon. One was the boy miner; the other sat beside the green baizeovered table, near the chair vacated by Judge Lynch. Upon his shapely wrists were hand cuffs, as revealed by the glowing embers before him.

Long Tom, bitterly feeling the degradation of his position, had heard the wild alarm with a sullen indifference, even as he would had he known that his own building was among those being consumed. Sullenly he kept his seat, now and then casting an evil glance over to where the prisoner had been placed. He saw that one dark figure remained beside Little Volcano, as though guarding against his escape. But then-broken words came to his ears as Zimri Coon grew more earnest in his pleading against the boy miner's firmly-taken resolution. Long Tom understood it all now—the whole daring ruse was clear to him, and for one moment his fierce, lawless nature fairly thrilled with admiration for the man who ould—as he then believed—conceive such a oold plan and successfully carry it out. then, all his hatred and fear returned with redoubled force, and he resolved to prevent the The thought was enough. Springing to his feet, he yelled at the top of his voice: 'Rescue—rescue! The prisoner is escap

With a bitter curse Zimri raised his arm and fired at the figure. With one last cry, Long Tom sunk to the earth. But his work was done. shrill cry reached the ears of Sheriff Hayes, and in an instant he turned around, calling up on Jack Gabriel and his other friends to low him. For a time in vain. With the fire n their faces, the crackling, devouring flames flashing full in their eyes, it was no easy task to check their impetuous rush, and Jack Haves was nearly thrown down ere his furious curses and yells, added to rapid blows, made any impression upon those immediately around him.

Zimri Coon saw that the alarm was given, and knowing there was no time to lose, he ut tered the signal to Joaquin to charge, at the same time seizing Little Volcano and flinging him across his shoulders like a sack of meal he ran toward the point of the hill around which the outlaws were just charging.
"Here's the lad—kickin' wuss'n a rantanker-

ous he jackass!" panted Zimri, as he hailed Joaquin and checked the progress of the out-"Whar's my hoss, some one? We must scratch gravel mighty lively, ur we'll ketch more gruel 'n we kin swaller. Ouch! dog-gone it, boy, don't kick so! my ribs hain't made o 'Let me down, you old fool-let me loose or

plunging and kicking like one possessed. "I tell you I'll not run away-Take it easy, lad, an' I'll run away fer ye," spluttered Zimri, as he dextrously tossed the captive across his horse's withers and then scrambled into the saddle. "You're pizen mad now, but you'll soon git over that, an' I reckon

I'll be the death of ye!" snarled the boy miner,

I kin stan' a little cussin', when I know I'm doin' right.' "Let me down!" cried Little Volcano; but his words were almost drowned by the fierce, prolonged vell of angry vengeance that rose upon the night-air

"You hear that! They'd be nice hands to drap into, wouldn't they!" half-laughed Zimri "You'd be chawed into paper-rags afore you'd time to-

The yell of baffled vengeance changed into a roar of discovery, and a dozen bright spouts of flame sent as many revolver bullets toward the shadowy, indistinct mass, and as one man the crowd of diggers leaped forward.

Sharp and clear the voice of Joaquin Murieta

rung forth, and as promptly was the volley returned. Though no death vell followed save one or two trifling scratches, the brief encounter was bloodless; though no death followed either volley, the bright flashes of powder had revealed the figures of enough horsemen to make the diggers more cautious than usual, and when Joaquin wheeled his horse and ordered a retreat, only a few hastily-dispatched bullets followed them then. The very deliberation with which the rescuers retreated, proved their best safeguard. An ambuscade was what the miners suspected. And then—the fire!

-E--- Wills Baruson Rounding -E----

The outlaws under Joaquin rode away from Hard Luck at a moderate trot, their chief bringing up the rear, and occasionally halting to lis ten for any sounds of pursuit. The gloom concealer a grim smile as nothing of this sort met his ear, and then he gave the word for more rapid riding, eager to reach his mountain retreat—and Clarina—once more, knowing right well that his trail would be taken up with the first gleam of day, if not before.

Little Volcano was now riding upright in the saddle, with Zimri seated behind him guiding the doubly-laden horse. Though he had ceased his struggles, finding them in vain while his hands were still confined, he did not spare his

This night's work divides us forever, old man," he said, his voice trembling with anger.
"The worst was over. I had stood my trial, and on the evidence no man could have brought me in guilty. Now-what can they think? Ten thousand witnesses could not convince them of Who will believe that Joaquin took all this trouble to aid one not belonging to his band? From this night on I am a marked man, to be run down and shot or hung like a dog! And I owe it all to you-the man I called my friend!

"A fri'nd I've bin an' a fri'nd I'll be, long as life an' breath lasts, little 'un," quietly replied Zimri Coon. "You cain't rub that out with hot words. I did what I jedged was fer the best; ef I made a mistake, 'twas through love o' you, lad. Mebbe I be a old fool, as you say; most like I be. Mebbe I'd orter lay low an' let them devils—fer devils they is when oncet they git thar mad up-hang you fer what you never did. But that ain't my idee o' what a fri'nd should be. I did the best I could." "And that best was the worst you could have

done," muttered Little Volcano, gloomily. Through the rest of that night Joaquin led his men on through the hills, never once pausing until the sun arose. Then, beside a mountain spring, they turned their animals loose to feed at will.

Little Volcano had been thinking, during that ride, and as he cooled down, he realized the injustice of which he had been guilty. Now, as he sat beside Zimri, withdrawn a little from the body of the outlaws, he brought himself to confess as much. The eager light which filled the old man's eyes, the nervous quiver with which his fingers clasped the boy miner's hand, was eloquence beyond words.

"Them words is wuth more to me, lad, then ef they was solid dimints— Lord love ye, honey! I tried to make out I didn't keer much, but ef it 'd bin daylight, little 'un, dog my sister's cats up a tree! ef you wouldn't have see'd salt water runnin' like a pump! I am a old

fool, jest as you said—the idee!"
"You drop that, old man," muttered Little Volcano, not without some emotion as he wrung Zimri's hand. "I was well-nigh crazy, then and I said more than I meant. You did only what you thought was right. You couldn't have even guessed the turn matters had taken after you left. After all, there are other coun tries than California." Wharever you go, thar I'll go, either as

your pardner, or a-follerin' you—that's flat. An' some day or other, I'll make up fer this mistake—I will, if I live."

"If you don't drop it, as I said, blest if I don't crawl up your back and chew your ear—and that's flat!" You cain't, with them bracelets on," grin-

ned Zimri, entering into the spirit of the boy miner. "Well, they's one comfort. Joaquin says he's got a feller in camp as kin pick any lock ever was 'vented."

"I only wish we could get rid of them by any other means," muttered Little Volcano. "The good will of such men is little better than their hatred. Since I first met him, I've had nothing but bad luck. I've a good mind to give him the slip now, and run the risk of getting them off."
"There is no need of that, senor," quietly said the outlaw, turning toward them with a

faint smile. "You are your own master. Whenever you feel like leaving us, I will bid you God speed. When Joaquin makes a friend, it is for life. Whatever is mine, is yours."

Little Volcano made no reply, but none the grateful, after what the outlaw had ventured

Shortly afterward the horses were caught and the ride was resumed, nor did they halt again until the little valley was reached, and the out-

laws were warmly greeted by their women.

Joaquin looked at Little Volcano a little doubtfully, but then called one of his men, who quickly removed the handcuffs. At a motion the boy miner followed Joaquin into one of the tents

The outlaw's wife was reclining upon a pal let of furs, but half-arose, an eager light in her eyes as they entered. With a strange bashful-ness, Little Volcano approached and received the warm thanks, almost caresses of Clarina, as the preserver of her life. He could only stammer a few words of acknowledgment, and retreated as quickly as possible. Joaquin followed him, carrying a brace of revolvers, with an ammunition belt, which he pressed upon the boy miner

You must take them," persisted the outlaw. "There is no blood upon them, and if you persist in leaving us, they will not come amiss. I would offer you horses, but—they might get you into trouble, as we do not have any papers to prove our ownership. Now, my friend though I wish you would cast your lot with us -vou are free as air. Only-remember, some times, that Joaquin Murieta is not all devil!"

CHAPTER XXX.

SLEEPY GEORGE AT WORK. "I DID the best I knowed how—swore jest what you told me to do, 'nd I don't see what you're crawlin' up my back fer-how could I help it?" snarled Sleepy George, looking side-ways at his master, much like a cur that longs

even I thought you-more than that couldn't be said," coolly retorted Long Tom, knocking

The past night had wrought some startling changes in the town of Hard Luck and more than one of its inhabitants.

Joaquin had been suffered to retreat, taking with him the late prisoner, unmolested after the first volley. Then every energy was directed toward the fires. Though there was comparatively no wind, the flames spread rapidly, leaping from shanty to cabin, from tents to the roofs of dug-outs, as though bent upon entirely destroying the town. Owing to the scarcity of water, or rather means to handle it, task with such flimsy structures. This was sufficient. The conflagration was checked, and

Tom's gambling-house and the "Miner's Rest" | ried it out himself, but that did not suit his

escaped. The moment all danger was over, Sheriff Haves demanded and received the attention of the begrimed miners. His speech was short but pointed. Joaquin had given them the dare, once again; and it should be the last. He did not call for volunteers; he simply bade every man be ready to take the trail with the first

gleam of day. Meantime, Sleepy George had strolled idly toward the spot where Long Tom lay—not, however, to weep over the corpse of his late Satisfied that no one was watching him, the bummer's hand stole swiftly into Long Tom's pocket—then a sharp yell of terror broke from his lips. A cold hand grasped his armthere was a metallic click—and a low voice hissed in his ear:

"They heard your cry and are coming here promise to do what I wish of you, or I'll tell them you were trying to rob me—quick! prom-

'I'll do it—I'll do it," gasped Sleepy George who knew from experience how little it re quired to set such a mob on fire; still less, after what had already transpired.

The hasty shot fired by Zimri Coon had failed to work his will. Unless making close allowance, one is certain to overshoot, in the night-This was the case now, and Long Tom, time. though stunned, received nothing more than a scalp-wound. The actions of Sleepy George

aroused him completely.

The rescue of Little Volcano by Joaquin had changed many things. Whatever verdict the jury might have brought in, had matters been allowed to take their usual course, can only be surmised; but had they been called upon for one now, there would have needed no deliberation. With this, came a change toward Long Tom, who had, at the risk of his life, exposed the outlaws' plot. He was set free, and even onored by some because he had labored hard for the conviction of the prisoner.

With the day-dawn, Sheriff Hayes, with Aransaw Jack as his "right bower," rode out of Hard Luck at the head of forty men, meaning to bring in Joaquin's scalp or lose his own. Neither Long Tom nor Sleepy George offered their services; both wounded, they had a good

excuse for not serving. "It doesn't much matter, though, as things have turned out," resumed Long Tom. "That young devil is as good as dead. Jack Hayes will hunt him down like a wolf, so we can count him out of the game. But there's that other—Crazy Twice you made a wretched botch there of a job a child could do! You are growing vorse than useless, old man. Unless there are changes for the better, and that soon, you'll have to be looking out for some other location. want men around me!"

"You want me to try ag'in—is that what you meant, out yonder?" muttered Sleepy George, but with an evident air of relief. "Yes; and the sooner you do it the better

will your pay be.' "I won't try it on alone; you must let in my two mates, anyhow. They's no tellin' who a body may run against up in the hills. Let them

in and 1'll do it inside o' two days."

"Take as many as you please; the pay will be the same, though. And if you let in any new hands, keep a close tongue; I have dealings only with you—you will pay them their share; remember that"

'Hamfat an' Cockeye is all I ax, boss, an' I don't reckon you need hev any fear o' them, rrinned the bummer.

Glad to escape so easily, Sleepy George lost to time in seeking out his comrades in crime whom he found playing draw poker for drinks, in their shanty, with a jug between them, from which the winner of each game took a horn. But on his entrance the pasteboards were cast aside, and they listened to the bummer's story with no little interest. The reward offered was ample, yet the worthy pair seemed to be some what crossed by recent events.

"They's money in it, es you say," said Cock-yed Waddel, "But 'tain't wuth the resk. eyed Waddel. They's a heap better lay-out waitin' on us, ef we kin only strike it You know we own that placer; what's to hender us from turnin' honest

"Jack Hayes," dryly interrupted Sleepy George. "I don't reckon 'twould be healthy fer the feller as jumps that claim ontel he gits is permission; any how I don't keer much about tryin' it on. But they's another laythar's the gold them fellers stole from us-"Whar?" was the eager, simultaneous in

'It goes with this job," grinned the bum-"Share an' share alike, ef you go in with What's the word?"

There was little need of his asking this ques tion: there could be but one answer. And then Sleepy George grew more circumstantial.

The gold which had been given into charge of Jack Hayes, still lay within the log "jug," covered over with a pile of old sacks. It had been utterly forgotten in the confusion and excitement following the rescue.

"We'll rig up as if fer a long trip-if any body axes us we'll tell 'em we're gwine to look fer the varmints as robbed us of our honest We'll leave this sometime afore night We'll strike into the hills an' lav low fer dark Then we'll mosey back yere, watch our chaince, slip in the jug, pocket the slum an when they find out it's gone, they cain't none on 'em pick onto us takin' it," and Sleepy George fairly chuckled over his brilliant plan 'It's even shares, 'member," put in Ham-fat

"Honest Injun!" and so the matter was set

tled. The trio quickly perfected their arrange ments, even inviting notice. Pet Pete gave them a friendly warning; he didn't think it would be healthy working on that placer until Sheriff Hayes had settled the question of own-

to bite, but dreads the consequences.

"You made an infernal botch of it from first didly replied the bummer. "Nur we don't mean to let anybody else do it, nuther. The chainces is them two cusses 'll try to play bugs onto us, by slippin' in thar while they're bein looked fer some other place. Ef they do—we'll fetch 'em in camp, dead or alive, you

> Pet Pete laughed shortly. Though he said nothing, he did not believe that trio would care much about meeting Little Volcano and

old Zimri, after what had passed. As already arranged, the three men took to the hills and patiently bided their time. The night fell, dark and threatening a storm. Everything seemed favoring them. By ten o'clock erything seemed favoring them. they had returned and entered the town, stealing along unseen, reaching the log cabin and there was only one way to fight the fire, and crouching down close to its walls until the mothat method was promptly adopted. A score ment for action should come. The delay was or more buildings were torn down—an easy not long. The streets of Hard Luck seemed completely deserted, particularly as the rain and began to fall in blinding torrents. Satisfied cry before long died entirely out. Few of the that there was no danger of discovery, the three more prominent buildings had suffered. For men glided around the building and opening obvious reasons Joaquin's men had avoided the more frequented quarters, or houses where lights denoted occupants. By this chance both Long bag containing the gold. He would have car-

comrades. As nearly as possible in the dark they divided the gold, then they stole away through the darkness and storm, eager to reach some place where it would be safe for them to halt and examine the prize. This spot was soon after reached; deep down in a ravine. where a projecting ledge made an admirable 'lean-to" camp. Here a fire was kindled, with ome difficulty, and by its rays the gold was examined. A division was attempted, but that was soon found to be impossible. They had no eader. Neither was willing to take the chan-

barking.

he is.

fired.

shoulder.

"Where?"

knock him out."

which I had aimed.

lischarging his gun.

ground, dead.

leaves near the top of the tree; don't you see

"I see something black," I replied; "but it

"Oh! the rest of him is hid by the leaves

and moss. As you have never killed a bear

you shall have the first shot. Blaze away and

With a tremulousness of hand which I could

not control, I raised my gun, took aim, and

bullet, shifted his position, so that he lay extended on a large limb, with his head turned

toward us.

"Now I'll show you how to put a bullet in his eye," said Horne, bringing his rifle to his

Aiming carefully he fired. The bear was

"It's my turn now," said Peyton, raising and

The heavy ball sped true to its mark; the

hind legs of the bear slipped off of the limb; it clung a few seconds with its fore paws, and

then come crashing through the boughs to the

The bear was quite young and small, but in

good condition. We hung it up on a sapling, and proceeded with the hunt.

In about half an hour the dogs again gave

They ran off in almost a straight line, and

though we strained every nerve, and ran until we were completely "blowed," we were left

so far behind that we could not hear the pack. We kept on in the direction we had been

going, and in about twenty minutes heard them

On coming up, we found Bruin seated on his naunches, with his back against a large tree,

occasionally making a lick or a grab at the dogs, who, for the most part, kept at a respect-

ful distance, though now and then they would

Encouraged by our presence, the whole pack made a rush on the bear. He seized a large

brindle dog in his strong arms; there was a

sharp yelp, and the next minute the luckless dog was dropped to the ground, limp and life

would have been hard to distinguish in

one was killed and several severely wounded.

mouth, stood in almost an erect attitude, the

Now's your chance," said Peyton, to me "Be careful and don't shoot any of the dogs. Aim at his heart, for if you do not kill him

outright, he will use up some of the pack, if he

lash in, and give their enemy a nip.

with his ribs crushed in.

very picture of rage.

loes not attack us.'

ongue, and away we went, helter-skelter, after

vidently hit, for it flinched, but did not fall.

'A clean miss," said Horne.

"I'll bring him down this time."

s too small for a bear; it is not more than six

es of "guessing." Finally it was resolved to ache the treasure, where it should remain un til they had performed Long Tom's work. Then they could choose their time, and seek more congenial quarters, to begin a new life with their gold.

The storm cleared off sometime before day and the worthy trio picked their way through the hills toward the cave inhabited by their ntended victim. It was truly wonderful what a strong affection had sprung up between them in that one night! If either chanced to fall behind for a moment, two pairs of eyes were instantly searching for him. Never were three men who stuck together more closely than

"We're most thar," cautiously muttered Sleepy George. "Keep your eyes skinned. The cuss may be out, som'ers. Ef he sets eyes on us, the jig's up fer keeps. He ain't hafe the fool he'pears to be."

Cautiously, stealthily as red-skins upon the war-path the assassains stole forward, nearing the hermit's cave by degrees, their eyes roving over every rock and point of the hillside, but nothing was seen of their game. Not a sound came from the cave.

"Pick your ground, fellers," muttered Sleepy George. "Take kiver whar you kin hide your starns as well as figger-heads. They's no telln' which way the varmint may come, ef he's out. Keep your shooters ready fer work, but don't use 'em ontel you hear me shoot. Then, if I don't down him, open on him, hot and heavy. Understand?"

They did understand, and said as much They sought cover, each in a clump of bushes within easy range of the cave, and composed themselves to wait as patiently as possible.

Hour after hour pas ed without interruption and they began to fear that their game had ta ken to flight, when suddenly a curious sound startled them. Faint and indistinct, wailing yet ironical, for a time the assassains were at a loss to understand its purport. But then it grew louder and clearer, until they knew that some being was singing, within the hermit's cave. They cocked their weapons, and eagerly peered out at the vine-masked entrance.

The singing died away, and for a moment all was still. Then the ambushed men's eyes glowed as they saw the vines vibrate, then lowly move aside. Crazy Billy stepped forth and stood like a statue of stone, gazing fixedly lown the valley.

Sleepy George leveled his rifle, and took a ong and deliberate aim. Then his finger touched the trigger. A sharp report—a puff of smoke; then he peered breathlessly through the bushes. He saw Crazy Billy reel back, then fall heavily forward. With a wild cry of triumph, he sprung from

(To be continued—commenced in No. 335.)

DEATH OF CUSTER.

BY HARRIET ESTHER WARNER

Oh! why do ye weep for the slumbering soldier, And why do ye mourn for the spirit that's fled? As ye bring some loved tribute to lay on his coffin Ye murmur in blindness, "A hero is dead." Not dead! But gone to existence eternal; Not sleeping! But dwelling in mansions While friends here below place the cypres

The Father will crown him with laurels above.

Here, we move to the sound of the dreary death marches,
And sable and crape robe the forms that he loved
And wise men and great men in awe kneel beside

MY FIRST BEAR.

BY EL ARONEL

named Horne sitting on the front veranda

letermined to give them a turn to-morrow.'

all right, and everything got ready for an early

In the morning, after a hasty breakfast, we

Horne was armed with a small-bore Ken

el, whelp and curs of low degree.

ising as they looked, they did very well.

were scattered about on the ground.

with the hounds to trail and lead them, unprom-

On arriving at the back part of the corn-field

we had abundant evidence that bear had been

about. Stalks were bent or broken down, and

roasting-ears, which had been partly devoured,

The hounds struck a trail almost instantly,

We followed as fast as we could, but had

and were off with the other dogs, all in full

con, after our salutations were over.

"You are just in time for a hunt," said Pev

cipate much sport.

belt.

creened me from the bear's view, I approach ed to within twenty-five yards, and planted a And sigh for the soldier whose valor was proved. ball below his left fore-leg.

On receiving the shot the bear uttered ot funeral marches, but "Welcome home, br growl, turned from me, and made a quick, con-Was the song that was sung by a bright angel band;

vulsive bound, coming down upon and seizing a small, yellow, bobtailed cur, that, up to this While saints smiled in greeting, and flowers strewed time, had been "an outside dog in the fight. his pathway, And this was his welcome in God's sunny land. To have heard that dog howl, one would Hunting in the Swamp.

have supposed that there was a half a dozen of but he was more scared than hurt, and was self could strike a blow. kept from getting away, more by the weight than the grasp of the bear.

The shaggy brute had received its death wound, and its feeble struggles were quickly ended by Ben's knife.

The dog, on being released from its unplea

IT was in the summer-time when I went to visit my friend Charley Peyton, at his planta-tion in the Mississippi bottom. sant position, ran off about fifty yards, sat down, licked its side, gave itself a good shake, Though I knew that game abounded in the as if to satisfy itself that none of it was miss ing, and then commenced to bark furiously at vicinity of his place, and took my gun with me, the weather was so warm that I did not antithe dead bear, saying as plainly as a dog could say it: "Who's afraid?"

I reached my destination late in the afternoon, and found Charley and a neighbor of his "Dis is de ole one ob dem all," said Ben, examining the bear. "I nebber see such a big b'ar afore—no, nebber since I was borned." The bear was not only very large, but as fat as butter, and weighed, after it was dressed

corn is 'in the roasting ear,' and the bear have nearly three hundred pounds. been playing the mischief with it, so we have It was still quite early in the day, but as it had already become quite warm, Peyton proposed that we should go home. That night before we retired, guns and ammunition were examined, to see that they were

But to this Horne objected, saying "I don't want to go back until I kill some thing.

"You are wasting your time, when you try to kill large game with that gun," said Peyton; "its bore is too small for anything but squirleft the house on foot, just as the day was break-"It don't make much difference about the

tucky rifle, and Peyton and myself carried double-barreled shot-guns loaded with ball. size of the bullet, if you put it in the right place, and I know how to do that, nearly every We were accompanied by Ben, a stout mulatto-man, who was a good hunter, and knew "Well, I'll tell you what we will do, since every part of the swamp. He had charge of the dogs, and the only weapon he bore was a you are so bloodthirsty; we can return home by the way of the big cypress brake, and if we heavy cane-knife, with a blade some eighteen

nches long, which he wore thrust through his don't find a bear or deer in there, it's not much use looking for them anywhere, after this time Our pack, if so it deserved to be called, conin the day. isted of some twenty dogs, and with the ex-This proposition I seconded, for I was pretty ception of five or six hounds, there were scarce-

well used up, and had enough glory, and of running through the bushes, for one day. ly two of a kind; the lot was made up of "mon-On reaching the brake, Ben went into it with the dogs, and we kept along one side of it, But in the swamp, they say that "any kind of a dog will run a bear," and I found that, where the walking was good.

> of a hound. "Hark!" said Peyton; "there goes old Bluster; something's up, sure."
>
> He had scarcely done speaking, when we heard the music of the whole pack.
>
> A deer darted out of the brake and dashed

Presently we heard the long-drawn whimper

way. As it crossed an open space, Horne fired, but missed. The dogs, however, were not after the deer they were running in the brake, and evidently

better have remained stationary, for, after on a hot scent. Then commenced what was, to me, a weary running about a mile in a circular course, the chase. I became so completely tired out that I could scarcely move one foot after another dogs "treed" within five hundred yards of the

We all reached them about the same time, so heated that, like Falstaff, I "larded the lean and found them barking around a large oak-tree, the limbs of which were covered with earth, as I walked along," and suffered all the torments of a consuming thirst. If there ever was a man who sighed for a cool place, and a gray moss, that hung down in long festoons. At first, we could not discover anything in drink of water, or even the privilege of sitting the tree, though we examined it from all sides, down and resting, I was he.

but the dogs kept scratching at its roots, and But Horne, who was light of foot, went tearing ahead through the woods, whooping and "Perhaps it was a wild-cat," said Horne; "if shouting to encourage the dogs, followed by so, it probably ran up this tree, jumped to another, and made off." Peyton, doing his "level best," and him I managed to keep in view by almost superhuman exertions, for I was disagreeably conscious of the fact that I did not know the way to the "No; it's a bear," said Peyton; "and there house, and being lost in the Mississippi swamp "Look at that large bunch of moss and thick very far from a joke.

At length, oh, joyful sound! I heard the dogs baying; the race would soon be ended, or I would at least get a chance to rest a little. In about two minutes came the report of Horne's rifle; then the dogs seemed running

for a short distance, and again baying. We found Horne on the edge of a small but dense thicket of vines and briers, from which proceeded the sound of growls, angry barks, and yelps, indicating that a conflict was going on between the dogs and a bear.

"They had treed the bear," explained Horne, "and I thought that I would shoot him in the eye, but, somehow or other, I didn't do Anxious to redeem myself, I fired with the other barrel, but the ball went high, and cut a it, but there's a bullet in his head somewhere.' "Yes," said Peyton, "you have just wounded him enough to make him savage, and now twig off about six inches above the spot at he's using up the dogs in that thicket, where there is no chance to shoot him." The bear, alarmed by the whistling of the

"I'll put a stop to that," said Horne; "fire off your gun when you see me hold up my

With that he laid down his gun, got up on the trunk of a fallen tree, which extended into the thicket where the fight was progressing, walked along it until he was near the ants, drew his hunting-knife, and gave the sig nal. Peyton fired off his gun, the dogs seized the bear, and Horne, springing in among them, put his knife through the bear's heart, killing

After we had dragged the slain animal out into the open woods, I said to Horne:

"Were you not running a very great risk?"
"Oh, no," he replied; "there was some danger, of course, but it is not the first time that I have killed a bear in that way, and there are men in the swamp who think nothing of doing

"I wonder where Ben is," said Peyton, "and the rest of the dogs? There are not half of them here.

He hallooed for Ben, but there was no an-"Listen," said I; "is that not the sound of

dogs running on a trail?" In a moment more we distinctly heard the cry of dogs, apparently coming toward us.

"Hurrah! we will get another bear," shout-ed Horne; "there must have been two of them started at the same time; the pack divided, and Ben followed the other one."
"He's making for the creek," cried Peyton. 'Let us cut across here, and head him.'

We hurried off, and as we were pursuing a ourse converging with that of the dogs and ear we were soon near them. The bear was keeping up a running fight, doubling in his course, and occasionally stopping to beat off the dogs that were pressing him

In the mean time, the dogs had seized the bear on all sides, and for a minute or two, it The barks, yelps, and snarls of the excited dogs—the rustling and cracking of the cane, and the angry growls of the bear, made an upwrithing mass, which part was dog, and which The dogs however were so roughly handled that they soon drew off, but not before another

roar which was appalling.
Suddenly, we heard Ben shout, not more than thirty yards from us, and immediately af-The infuriated bear, his foaming jaws distended, and his tongue lolling far out of his terward, a shrill cry of:

"Help! de b'ar done got—"
The sentence was not finished. We dashed through the cane toward him, Peyton in ad-

In a small open space we found Ben firmly locked in the deadly embrace of a huge bear, which had also fixed its teeth in his shoulder. His face was of an ashy hue; his teeth firmly clenched; every bone and sinew in his body strained almost to cracking, and his eyes startng from their sockets, in consequence of the errible pressure he was subjected to.

Peyton dropped his gun, rushed to the bear

and plunged his knife in its side. The wounded monster released his hold on Ben, and turned with an angry growl on his assailant, but only to have the keen knife buried to the hilt in his breast. His heart was pierced, and with a moan that sounded almost human, he sunk dead, him, and they were all being killed by inches, at the feet of his slayer, before Horne and my-Ben lay motionless on the ground where he

had fallen, to all appearances lifeless. "Poor fellow," said Peyton, dashing a tear from his eye; "I would have given my right hand rather than this should have happened." "He lives," I said, after feeling the prostrate

nan's heart. Peyton knelt by his side, forced his teeth part, and poured a few drops of whisky from flask down his throat; the effect was almost mmediate. Ben gasped, drew a long breath, raised himself slightly on one elbow, and with a ook of terror on his face, said:

"Whar's dat b'ar?" "Never mind the bear; he is dead; how do you feel now?" "I's better now, but I hab a mighty misery in de lef' side. I t'ink I mus' lose my senses, an'

not know nuffin. "Yes, you fainted, but how did you come

to get into such a scrape?" Dar war two b'ars dat start at de same

time. Some obde dogs run after one obdem, an' some after de oder. I follow dis one. Bime-by I hear Massa Horne shoot; den I tink dat de oder b'ar be kill, an' dat you come shoot dis one, but he run, an' he neber stop till he get in de canebrake; dare he turn, an' he twist ebbry kind o' way, an' fight de dogs, till he kill free or four, an' I t'ink if I don't kill him dere would be no dogs lef. I get close up to whar dey was fightin', and hollow to make de dogs all take hole, an' den I jump at de bar, to stick him, but dare was de vine roun' my foot, an' I fall ag'in' de bar, an' drop de knife; he took hole ob me; I call for somebody to come help me, den I t'ink all de bref was squeeze out'n me; ebbry t'ing whirl roun', an' look black, an' I didn't 'member noffin' till I fine myself layin' here on my back. I 'spec' dat some ob my bones be broke.

Ben was right; two of his ribs were fractured, and his shoulder was considerably lacerated

Saying that he would go for assistance, Peyon started off in a direction opposite to where supposed his house was, and in about two hours returned with some of his laborers, bringing a hastily constructed litter for Ben, and two mules, upon which to carry our game

to the house. Peyton and myself accompanied the men who carried Ben, while Horne went with the thers and the mules after the bear we had killed, and owing to the slowness with which the litter-bearers proceeded, he reached home

most as soon as we did. Ben soon recovered from his wounds, and lived to be in at the death of many a bear.

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BEADLE & ADAMS, Publishers, 98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK

To Commence in our Next Number,

THE GREAT STORY BIG GEORGE,

The Giant of the Gulch;

THE FIVE OUTLAW BROTHERS.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR., AUTHOR OF "YELLOWSTONE JACK," "LITTLE VOLCANO," ETC., ETC.

As already announced this story is so pro nounced in its originality as to enlist unusual attention among readers of Western life romance. It gives us such a portrayal of life in the remote mountain mining towns, and brings into prominence such a series of wholly indige nous characters, that in reading we are

STARTLED, SURPRISED AND FASCINATED

by their realism and astonished by their acts The Five Brothers are ruffians anomalous in any other part of the world, but in the Rocky Mountain ranges are a kind of matter of course seeing that there law is a mockery, and society a conglomeration of the wildest spirits and the very refuse of civilization. Almost every person of them has a history which, if written, would arrest the deepest attention, while some of them-such as Mr. Badger now introduces and uses—are not types of men but individual originalities, each of whom plays out his human nature in a way so

Novel, Peculiar and Exciting

that it is marvelous any writer should be able to tell their story. Mr. Badger evidently not only knows but is thoroughly familiar with the wild, strange life he depicts, and this fact it is that gives him the eminence he has won in this field of popular literature.

The romance is not so much the ruffianism and violence of the lawless town as the pursuit of the evil-doer by one who, in his three disguises and three individualisms, not only works is clearly photographed by brilliant morning out his desperate purpose fearlessly, but develops a heart and family mystery that renders the story

CHARMING, SWEET AND AFFECTING.

Oll Coomes on the Wing!

We soon shall give a most pleasant series of papers by Oll Coomes, wherein, breaking away from his beautiful farm life, he becomes the amateur sportsman, and dashing out on the boundless prairies, has adventures which those loving sport and adventure will be delighted to read.

A SAVAGE CALL!—We find this item in late St. Joseph (Mo.) paper:

"Sitting Bull has sent a messenger to Gen.
Terry's headquarters, asking for a white man who
was formerly a prisoner with the Sioux, and whose
Indian name was Mohenesto. If it is the scout so
well known on the frontier a few years ago, whom
the Sioux called Mohenesto, his other name is probably Avery, and he was living in Illinois when last
heard from. He was said to be the son-in-law of
Sitting Bull, and at one time had great influence in
the nation."

Mohenesto is our old contributor, Henry M. Avery-Major Max Martine-whose stories of life among the Teton Sioux our readers will recall with new interest when they know that he really was a chief among the red-skins, and dwelt with them several years as such. We still have, from the Major's pen, several contributions illustrative of, and embodying incidents of, life in the Wigwam and on the Huntinggrounds, which we will some day drop into our columns. If the Major has any influence over Sitting Bull we hope he will use it.

Sunshine Papers.

Wonderland and Cloudland.

From twilight, a perfect summer twilight. we sailed straight into won lerland. A wonder land more beautiful, more weird, more wonderful than any of our childish imaginings born of charmed fairy tales. The night was purple and cloudless, and amid starry depths of ethe the round yellow moon, its melting light bathing the hushed world in glory. One of America's grandest rivers bore us placidly on our journey. On either shore scenes of entrancing beauty passed slowly, like exquisite visions in a before our awed eyes. Scaleless cliffs lifted themselves, with a pride gathered through centuries, above the river that fondly caressed their awesome grandeur. Terrace after terrace of magnificent trees and velvety lawns swept softly to the water's edge where the little wavelets sung in and out of dim shadows and

ling out to us from amid luxuriant foliage, were glimmerings from fair homesteads. And signaling back, as much, perhaps, of heart and home happiness, shone the lights from the boat-men's huts nestling under the walls of the everlasting palisades. While above us, throned naughtily high upon the rocky walls, flamed far the brilliant glow from a resort of fashion and pleasure, and strains of music and laughter shivered lightly upon the hush of the solemn

And on, and on, we sailed so smoothly through the silence, and the moonshine, and the rippleless flood of waters, we could have fanied we moved not at all but for the wondrous changing scenes and shadows, and the foamy vaves that trailed behind us, flinging back the glory of the moonlight in showers of sparkling, dissolving jewels. Presently the river videned, and lay a fairy lake of polished metal stretching dimly away to curving, wooded shores, where dainty groups of gems gleamed fierily out from depths of greenness where villages lay hid, the whole guarded by a circle of entinel hills. On one side the molten silver lost itself in a gulf of fathomless blackness when, lo! a dull reverberation rolled across the iver, and a winding, twisting, flashing serpent glided among the shadows, giving us fleeting glimpses of the dark water-edge, with the trees dangling into the pretty tide. And then we sailed among mountains, with great rounded and pointed peaks, their dense rocky sides closing in the flood until it wound narrow and tortuous, in awe and darkness, among them; here widening into a tiny mirror-like lake, and there creeping mournfully around the base of a rug-ged hill that dared even to hide the yellow disk of the moon. But the golden globe reappeared and narrow tide, silent forests, and distant hills were glorified. Again we swept along our watery path in shadows; when, suddenly, great shafts of flame blazed through the weird blackness, and reddened the sky, and river and trees were flung over with lurid lights and a spray of sparks, and fiery arms reached out and toyed with dark clumps of foliage and glossy pools of water and the fantasies that had fashioned themselves among the rocky hillsides! A minute more and we had swun around the base of another mountain: and the glowing foundry was left behind; and we were sailing onward, still, through a wonderland of forests, and riverside towns, and mysterious hasing silvery lines of light and lurking purple glooms.

And so, journeying, we awoke with dawn in cloudland. For hours we rode toward great white lakes whose delicate waves, in their soft surging, revealed to us bewildering glimpses of nountains and beautiful distances beyond. And which was most beautiful, wonderland or cloudland, it would break our hearts to have to decide Those vast mysterious depths of silver, that looked like fairy seas, but shivered into a thouand airy shapes and flitted here and there coy v vailing the grand landscapes, who shall ev r give them life beyond the dawn which they nade a memory of perpetual beauty?
We glanced at cloudland by night—a gray,

loomy dome rent, just down where it dips upon the mountains, with a break of stormy light one grand peak undiscoverable in the darkness the other towering bleakly against the rifted sky—and then we slept. The morning stole faintly into our rooms, laying its ghostly wakening finger upon our eyelids, and we sprung to our windows, kneeling there in a transport of orgetfulness and wonder. All about us, over the lawn and the sloping orchard, and the deep green chasm where the brook is tumbling, and he stately maple grove, and the sweep of woodland, binding us in with a broad circlet, the rain is dripping from an ominous gray sky. But just over the feathery edge of the woodland is a band of white clouds, dipping among the trees, surging up and down and to and fro, like a cascade of troubled waters; and the twin peaks of the towering mountains opposite are submerged in a mass of soft foamy vapor while between these fantastic, softly undula ting silvery seas, a broad tract of mountain side

Presently the golden light sweeps its way through the tossing billowy clouds to us, and dispels our little private storm; then, as swifty, the white waves follow and shut us in with their ghostly arms; but only a minute passes before the fairy sea parts to right and left and dis solves into strange fleecy masses through which we get bewitching views of sunny landscapes. Still the soft vapors cling to the mountain opposite, while long lines of hills, on either hand mile in the sunshine. But with some strange sudden magic they melt away, and the twin mountain tops are outlined against an azure sky, while an enticing little lakelet nestles be tween them and us-a lakelet of gossome

And, all day, the cloudland is a charmed study to us until, at eventide, it disappears from mortal eyes in dissolving columns of and salmon and violet hues that crown the si ent darkening mountains with a glory born only to find consummation of its exquisite beauty in death. A PARSON'S DAUGHTER

MANIAS.

What a strange mania has been prevailing or the taking away of human life either by nurder or suicide! It would seem as though there was murder in the air, and the aroma of blood filled the fiends in human shape and made them ferocious just as a lion is over the smelling of fresh meat. A mania for murdering is strange passion, depriving a fellow-being of something to contemplate with a shudder, yet does it not seem as though it were a mania? How one murder follows on another intil death puts a stop to the murderer and he leaves the vacant place to be filled by even one nore wicked and vile than he!

Many of these beings who have suffered leath as a penalty for their crimes were children of good and honest people and were brought up among Christians, had the advantages of church, day and Sunday school—were taught which road to follow and which to shun; they were once young and innocent—would have looked with detestation and horror on such acts as they have since committed; doubtless they were once loved by all who knew them until emptation came and they fell.

Is it because the glaring deeds of bad men and women are given with such minuteness in the daily papers, and the perpetrators held up to us more in the shape of heroes than fallen mortals, that the world is so full of these takers of human life?

Are their acts thought to be done so cleverly that their example is catching?

In former days the world was startled with horror when a murder was committed, but now scarcely a week passes by that we do not hear of one or more transpiring, until we are forced to acknowledge that wickedness is on the increase, and we read of so much bloodshed with coolness, as though the murders were a natural occurrence, and, having become so common, we are not startled at all. It is a grievous sheets of silvery sheen. Here and there, twink- thought to believe that matters have come to hearts.

such a crisis, but who can deny that it is not

Another mania is suicide! How many, for various causes, take away the life God has given them for useful purposes! Death comes oon enough to us all and we should await its time and not rid the world of ourselves ere that

Suicide is common—far too common. have seen a paper which has a standing headng for a paragraph called "suicides," and I grieve to say there is always a record of some unfortunate who has taken his or her life in

their own hands, under this heading. I have heard people say that when they think of their troubles they are driven to the verge of despair, and the thought of what they suffer almost tempts them to commit suicide. I have just told them—as I tell any one else similarly situated now-to get off that verge and keep off it. Don't have such thoughts. banish them just as speedily as you possibly can and never think of them again. Suicide, ndeed! How much better off will you be for

killing yourself?

'Live down your troubles!' What is that you say? That it is very well for me to preach about living down troubles when I never had any to live down? That is just where you are mistaken. I have had troubles else I would not be human, but I have ever strived to think there was more sunshine than shadow in this world, and I have never, never, NEVER thought I should better myself committing suicide, although the world

night survive my loss—for a little while. Let us get up a new mania. Let the mania be for being good and doing good, and see how much we can do to prevent strife and blood-Work with pure hearts and willing hands, and maybe we can do some little good. We can surely prevent much evil, and the preventing of much evil will surely result in doing

much good. Curb your temper and restrain your evil Live as God intended you shouldnoble and upright. Wouldn't such a mania as that be glorious? EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

A Political Speech.

FELLOW CITIZENS: THE candidate on the opposition side, Bluggs, has so far forgot the gentlemanly civilities as to defame my character from the stump. Whither are we drifting? Must vindictive and bitter personalities be permitted to be cast by opposing office-seekers at each other? It is a We need a thorough reform. As to Mr. Bluggs' character I shall discreetly keep I don't mean to make that personage any lower than he is in the eyes of the world. If he wants to gain his ends by destroying my reputation—which is as far above his as wis-dom is above ignorance—let him do it. He nasn't got sense enough in his untutored head

I do not want to say that he is a liar; I will not stoop so low; but it would do me good to hire a regiment to apply that epithet to him all day, and not stop for dinner. The truth is so far out of his reach that he couldn't reach it with a ladder and a ten-foot pole.

for anything else.

I yield to him the privilege of scurrility. political trickster who would sell hi birthright for a mess of potash, and who made his ancient grandmother walk all the way to the poor-house, when he had a carriage, is too contemptible even to be noticed. That is the reason I shall say nothing about him, and thus ower myself to his level.

This is the man who asks for your suffrages, which are worth five dollars apiece if you vote

I would not call his honesty into question that article is not included in his personal effects, and the tax which he pays on his personal worth amounts to a very few mills. I leave his faults, which are as thick as the bark on a cheap dog, to others who can judge them without looking at them through a microscope. It is a burning shame that a political canvass cannot be conducted on principles of decency, but I cannot expect anything better from such a male of the mule persuasion as Bluggs. No true lover of his country who professes to be a gentleman will stoop to throw discredit on his opponent for office; so you see that Bluggs is as prone to be a rascal as the sparks are to fly

He was drunk when he alluded to me in his speech, because you all know that he would swallow a distillery if he knew what to do with the smoke stack, and he very well knows that a man who will be vile enough to heap abuse on another for political motives is mean enough to take more change out of a contribution-plate than he puts in. I think I never saw such audacity; but, what can we expect from such a man as Bluggs? If I can't run for office without injuring another man's character I will renain at home, and let my wife take in washing

while I clerk for her. Religion and morality demand that we say nothing against one another, but Bluggs is pos-sessed of neither, and I don't see that, if he had them, he would know what to do with them, and he is no more fit to hold an office in the gift of the people than he is to go up in a char-

ot without putting on a clean shirt No man with the reason of a boiled lobster would so far forget himself as to drag a man's good name through the mud for his own advancement, but, what can we look for from such a low, degraded specimen of dishonesty as this man, whose very smallest fault is that he didn't go to the penitentiary years ago, to spend the days of his remainder in having his nead shaved and wearing striped clothes, that s—the stripe that he is of!

Why, fellow citizens, he never goes by a cooking-glass without instinctively turning his head away for fear he will catch a look at his countenance and have the nightmare for a week

Will you vote for a man who talks about his neighbor and heaps dispraise upon him? No, gentlemen, you will not; every vote for him is a vote for all that is vile. If I were such a base slanderer as he is, I would not ask for a vote, but would go out and hang myself and not give it up until I was satisfied I had done a

Let each man go up to the polls on election day and cast one or more votes for me, and show by an overwhelming majority that your faith is in a man who does not get so far down the ladder of morality as to stand up and say anything against another, even though he would make something by it.

I could say a good deal against Mr. Bluggs. I place myself in your hands; tenderly hold me. WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

If we judge from history, of what is the book of glory composed? Are not its leaves dead men's skin—its letters stamped in human blood-its golden clasps the pillage of nations? It is illuminated with tears and broken

Topics of the Time.

-In the Main Exposition Building the American Bible Society exhibit an attractive case, containing Bibles in two hundred languages, arran ged with open pages so that visitors can examine

-Garroters are flogged in England. William Leonard, who was convicted of highway rob-bery from a young lady in Lincoln's inn-fields, was sentenced to penal servitude for seven years was sentenced to penal servitude for seven years after undergoing two separate floggings of twenty lashes each. When he was taken to the whipping-block on August 23, he shricked for mercy, and cried like a baby when the "cat" was applied. He had been previously flogged for the same crime. This is the only incident in recent criminal practice in which flogging has not prevented the offender from repeating the offense. It is a brutal infliction, but so is garroting a brutal business.

-This postal card has been a source of more worry to the postmasters than one would sup-pose could have been got out of a bit of paste-board. First, the clerks were ordered under no dreumstances to read anything but the address, and then immediately after were directed to stor any card of a disreputable nature, though how hey were to find that out without reading it no they were to and that out without reading it no body knew. And then the country postmaster finds that they give him a great deal to do. The writing is often bad, and he gets the gossip of the neighborhood hopelessly mixed. Occasionally, as we have heard of a postmaster's doing, he calls in outside assistance to help him untandly some twisted assistance to help him untanded some twisted as the second some twisted some he calls in outside assistance to help him untangle some twisted sentence or semi-legible word. The latest thing in postal cards, however, is the frankness of a Yankee postmaster, who ran out from his wayside station the other day, flourishing a card and calling out to a lady as she drove up to meet a lady friend, "You'd better read it! She ain't comin'!"

—The establishment of Krupp, the great gun maker, extends over seven hundred acres and employs 12,000 workmen. It is traversed by a railway five miles in length, and a tramway of two way five miles in length, and a tramway of two miles. Its various parts are connected by lines of telegraph wires and not less than thirty stations. The annual sum paid in wages amounted some years ago to \$400,000; it is now probably much greater. Considerable skill is required in the manipulation of the steel so largely used at Essen. When a good workman is found it is desirable to retain him; and so, as far as possible, it is made worth his while to remain when once he has been employed. A penion fund has once he has been employed. A pension fund has been established to which every one employed on the works must subscribe a small fraction of his wages. To the money thus collected, the proprietor adds a sum equal to half of that subproprietor adds a specified by the men.

-The Enoch Arden business has been done a Saginaw, Mich., with an important variation. In 1858, Peter McDonald, the father of three chil-dren and the husband of a lady who burned the dren and the husband of a lady who burned the bread to a crisp, forsook his family and crossed the continent. "Washing done here" was duly advertised, and in the course of years the mistress of the mangle became the wife of one Munsell and the mother of several Munsells. Last Tuesday night a stranger knocked at the door and asked for Peter McDonald. Mrs. Munsell said that the poor man had died in California eighteen years ago. "Oh, no, Rhoda, you are my wife, and that lady yonder is my daughter." Mrs. Munsell took refuge in hysterics. All the Irs. Munsell took refuge in hysterics. All the McDonalds and the little Munsells ran in the head of the household was summoned What is to become of Mr. Munsell?" sobbe "Why I shall Arden. "You the helpless lady on the floor. "Why eave him alone," quoth Enoch Arden. ee I was married myself a little over seventeen years ago.

—On the railway from Madras to Shoranore, as a train was running at a fair speed, the engineer saw a herd of elephants approaching him along the line. He whistled down the brakes. In an instant, however, they were into the herd. The leading elephant, an enormous tusker, was apparently only enraged by the whistle, and charged the advancing train. There was a tremendous concussion. The elephant was knocked off to one side, mutilated and writhing, and the train, after a series of jolts that nearly threw it off the line, came to a stand-still against the bodies of two other animals of the herd. The tusker was -On the railway from Madras to Shoranore, as wo other animals of the herd. The tusker was dispatched by an English gentleman who was traveling in the train, and his tusks were secured, after which the train proceeded on its journey. The herd scampered away, and turned when about halfa mile off, on a knoll, looking in a dazed, stupid way at the train as it moved off.

—Many persons hear of ozone but very few know what the term implies. What is ozone! is a question not easily to be answered. It ap-pears to be a highly concentrated condition of the oxygen which forms the peculiarly vital part of oxygen which forms the peculiarly vital part of the atmosphere, and is produced through elec-trical agency. The mechanical action of pure air over vegetation is productive of ozone, but still more manifestly is this subtle quality produced by the dashing of waves and spray against the air. These lashings of sea and air mixed are, electrically speaking in the nature of one subelectrically speaking in the nature of one sub-stance rubbing against another. They evoke ozone, which, being inhaled in breathing, gives a stimulus to the constitution. Hence the benefit to health from a sea voyage, or a residence at pleasant seaside resort.

—Eve Lawless' talk about acting recalls the story told of the great Garrick. When he was in Paris, Preville, the celebrated French actor, invited him to his villa, and, being in a gay humor, he proposed to go in one of the hired coaches that regularly plied between Paris and Versailles, on which road Preville's villa was situated. When they got in, Garrick ordered the coachman to drive on, but the driver answered that he could not put if he had got his complete that he could not put if he had got his complete. coachman to drive on, but the driver answered that he could not until he had got his complement of four passengers. A caprice immediately seized Garrick. He determined to give his brother player a specimen of his art. While the coachman was attentively looking out for passengers, Garrick slipped out at the opposite door, went round the coach and, by his wonderful command of facial expression, palmed himself off as a stranger. This he did twice, and was admitted into the coach each time as a fresh passenger, to stranger. Into he did twice, and was admitted into the coach each time as a fresh passenger, to the astonishment and admiration of Preville. Garrick slipped out a third time, and addressed himself to the coachman, who said, in a surly tone, that he had "got his complement." He would have driven off without Garrick had not preville added to the stranger among Preville called out that as the stranger appeared to be a very little man they would accommodate the gentleman and make room for him. -An intelligent correspondent of The Pitts-

An interingent correspondent of The Futz-burgh Chronicle has been visiting Two Bears and the Blackfeet at Standing Rock on the upper Missouri. He gives this account of a sacrifice to the Indian devil: "A dog is killed by torture, and divided into four parts, which are put into four kettles and set on the fire till boiled tender, or till he is supposed to be as tender as a dog ought to be. A young squaw, supposed to represent chastity, strips herself entirely nude, and to the sound of a low chant by her associates, and vigorous beating on a drum or tom-tom, performs a peculiar dance with a sidelong motion around the five our which was the strips containing the a peculiar dance with a sidelong motion around the fire, on which are the kettles containing the pieces of dog, all the time muttering some incantation. At a signal, the young braves, or old ones either, in turn step up to one of the kettles, and, reaching in hand and arm, take out a piece of boiling meat, tear off a mouthful, and swallow it. They keep taking out the scalding mess and eating it till the skin of the hands, lips, and mouth hang loose in whitened shreds, and all this time no sign of pain finds an expression on any face, and the seething morsels are slowly masticated and deliberately swallowed with a composure absolutely diabolical. The miserable omposure absolutely diabolical. dupes, like those of many another religious de lusion, feel themselves the better for it." Th aboriginal notion is that, if they torture them-selves and evince insensibility to pain, they will convince the Evil One that it is not worth while to waste his time in afflicting them

Readers and Contributors.

Declined: "Third Mate's Story;" "Across the Sea;" "Thoughts Suggested, etc.; "Can We Help It?" "My Pleasure Trip;" "A Severe Lesson;" "The Mansfield Ranch." "Chastelar;" "Our School Days;" "Lura;" "Almost Immortalized;" "True Story of Brown;" "The Longest Way Round;" "Dandy Jim;" "In a Thousand Worlds;" "Little Jess."

Chas. Cook. Write to Cook & Co., General For-eign Ticket Agts., for the information sought. Emma W. We do not want matter of the kind submitted, nor do we know of any paper to com-

low say.

JOURNAL READER, The poem first appeared in a Washington city paper. If it ever appeared under the signature named ("Xariffa") we do not know it, nor if M. A. T. is Xariffa.

IDA A. A. We prefer not to discuss the question raised. Neither you nor ourselves can change what is a world's verdict.

ANTONIO. We decline poem because we do not think it is original. A contribution with no real name to authenticate it is liable to be questioned. PROSPECTIVE HEIR. To abandon your desk because of your "expectations" is both foolish and wrong Stick to your work, of course. You will be all the happier and better for industry and efficiency BEN BOLZ. It is difficult to say if the lady is in earnest or only "funning." If she really admires you, don't expect her to say so; on the contrary, expect her to—be contrary or perverse! That's a way many women have of seeking to disguise their real feeling.

real reeling.

MOLLIE. If circumstances favor, and his and her happiness will be advanced, you make a mistake in not encouraging their association. A gracious concession now may secure a friend in need. Invite her to come and lend her your good offices.

LIZZIE NUGENT. You can pursue the study at home; but, isn't it a foolish pride that keeps you from going to school? Why, some of the very best students at Vassar are over twenty years of age. Your being eighteen by no means makes you "too old" to go to school. Be sensible and go!

old "to go to school. Be sensible and go!

"Subscriber." It is generally quite easy to judge somewhat, and oftentimes very correctly, of a person's temperament and disposition by their eyes, hair, complexion, and features But to enter into an elaboration of all styles of features and colors of eyes and hair, as indicative of character, would take more space than we can give. If you desire to have a certain person scharacteristics described as indicated by his or her appearance, send us the description and we will do our best to help you.—Your penmanship is fair; your orthography and composition bad.

you.—Your penmanship is fair; your orthography and composition bad.

Horatto B. E. says: "I own a boat in which I frequently row out with ladies. One or two ladies have come to insist on their right to go out with me, and I am much embarrassed about it. I don't want to be rude, but I don't care to take them so much; especially as I want a certain other young lady to go, but who can't do so. Would you think it best for me to tell the two that I want the room for another lady? Or had I better just tell them I don't want to row them any more?" We think the pleasantest way for you to do is, when rowing the two ladies out again, to say, perhaps just as you land, "I hope you have had a pleasant time, ladies, as it may be several evenings before I can offer you a place in my boat again, as I have other engage ments." If they are ladies they will not think of questioning so polite a way of telling them that you cannot take them; and if they should annoy you further, before you voluntarily invite them out, you can gently tell them that you really must decline taking them out oftener, as you desire to invite other friends at your discretion.

Miss L. M. writes: "On a late visit to a school-

wite other friends at your discretion.

Miss L. M. writes: "On a late visit to a school-mate I made the acquaintance of two young menthat I liked very much. When I went away they insisted on going along part way, and I enjoyed their society very much. Mother thought I did wrong to let them accompany me, but for my part I can't see what was wrong about it. They were true gentlemen, and I think it is an insult to them to imply that their accompanying me was 'improper.' What do you think?' We can scarcely judge whether it was quite "the thing" or not, as we do not know all the circumstances. But would not one gentleman have been a sufficient escort? If the gentlemen were introduced to you by your friend's family, and were well accepted visitors at her house, we cannot see that there was any impropriety in your accepting the protection of the gentlemen for a portion of your journey.

Mary M. says: "I have a friend who often calls

tlemen for a portion of your journey.

Mary M. says: "I have a friend who often calls me his Brownie Bride. What does he mean? I have brown hair but not brown eyes, and I'm not petite but good-sized, and rather cold in my manners. Why he uses such a pet name I don't know. What is there in it?" It is often very puzzling to know how to account for the pet names which gentlemen apply to their lady friends—for pet names are as innumerable as lovers. Probably your friend has read in poetry or prose of some "Brownie Bride," of whose portraiture he has become enamored. He fancies you resemble that pleasing creation and so addresses you by that pseudonym as a term of endearment.

PAULINE, Atlantic City, says: "Some young mon

term of endearment.

Pauline, Atlantic City, says: "Some young gentlemen come in our store frequently; would it be proper to bow, should we meet upon the avenue? Is the History of Greece interesting? Please tell me what you think of my penmanship." If you are in the habit of speaking to the gentlemen when in the store, and you are assured of their respectability and characters, it may do for you to recognize them when you meet elsewhere. But the safer way is only to know as business people, and in the way of business, persons with whom you become acquainted in that manner. And remember that gentlemen rarely mean anything honest by attentions shown to girls beneath them in station.—The History of Greece is exceedingly interesting; the ear-

fascinating study.—Your penmanship is very delicate, pretty, and ladylike.

APPRENTICE asks: "If a lady comes to our house often, and stays with my sister, and I am very familiar with her, what right has she to think I am paying attentions to her? A lady comes to our house that way. and I like her well enough, and have fun with both the girls, but I don't pay attentions to her as a lover, yet she has told as much to my sister, that we will be married some day. What ought I to do?' Tell your sister, distinctly, how matters are, and in future treat the young lady with less familiarity; be courteous and kind, but avoid any companionship which may mislead the lady, or which she can in any way misconstrue into meaning that you are making love to her.

Miss S. E. H. writes: "I love a single gentleman very much. He does not know it. Would there be anything wrong in my making my feelings toward him known? Why hasn't a lady as much right to love and propose as a man," and there would be no "wrong" in her so doing. But any lady of very delicate sensibilities, and correct ideas of conventional breeding, would shrink from the court night to habit.

ideas of conventional breeding, would shrink from doing so exceptional a thing.

Sad Sister writes: "My brother, I am afraid, is running into bad habits. He goes out nights a great deal and does not explain where he goes. He is just over twenty and I am eighteen. He used to treat me very familiarly, but don't do so any more. I feel very unhappy about it. What would you advise me to do, to make him stay in evenings or take me along with him when he goes out? I think your advice will aid me ever so much." Suppose you endeavor, in every quiet, unobtrusive, loving way, to learn all the games, books, and amusements of which your brother is fond, also to get acquainted with the young ladies and gentlemen whom he likes. Then frequently invite young people to the house for the evening, beg your brother to stay and help entertain them, and make the time pass as enjoyably as possible. Coax him to invite his companions often home with him; get them cozy little suppers, and encourage them to sing, play eards, etc. Also get your brother to escort you to concerts, lectures, or to call on friends, as often as possible. Be gentle, and loving, and desirous of pleasing, and endeavor to win his love and confidence.

MISS S. M. says: "A lady friend had a lover whom heads and the sea had your brother the say and heads of the whom he wish him as treated her so hadly

sible. Be gentle, and loving, and desirous of pleasing, and endeavor to win his love and confidence.

Miss S. M. says: "A lady friend had a lover whom she loved truly, but he has treated her so badly that she has returned the betrothal-ring, and he is about marrying another girl. My friend despises him, I know, but she still loves him, if such a contradiction can be. An old suitor of hers is again paying her attentions, and, I am sure, is a very excellent man, every way worthy of her. Ought I to encourage her to accept him when I know her heart is another's, that she'll never again speak to?" If the lady truly loves the first gentleman, she has no right to marry the second without letting him understand thoroughly how the case stands; then, if he is willing to marry her, she need feel no compunctions about becoming his wife. If the lady despises her first lover, and he is about to marry, and the second gentleman is one in "every way worthy of her," she may soon get over her attachment, and conceive a true and deep affection for the man who now desires to make her his wife; the chances are that she will soon love the man who waits upon her now, as she sees how superior he is to the man who has "treated her badly."

Unanswered questions on hand will appear

INTO REST.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

She used to sit in the doorway, a woman worn and Forsaken by the children grown hard and selfish and cold;
A woman gray and wrinkled, and aged seventy odd, But not so old or so feeble as to be forsaken by God. Her eyes had grown dim with their weeping, and her hands would tremble so That she could not hold her knitting, but had to let it go; And when she read her Bible, it was more by memory
Than by looking at the pages whose words she could.

There in the poorhouse doorway she sat from morn till night, And always up the hill-road she strained her failing sight. sight;
And when they asked her the reason that she always looked that way,
She said she was looking for Johnnie, who would come for her some day.

And then, at the name of her youngest, who'd put her on the town,
Her poor old lips would quiver, and she'd break
completely down.
"Oh, I loved them so!" she would whisper, through
her sobs and many tears,
"And to think they should desert me in my last and
failing years!"

She would sit there in the doorway and whisper to

of Thomas, who was her eldest, grown greedy for worldly pelf;
And of Martha and Delilah, who couldn't be bothered now
By their mother, who wasn't able to even milk a

But Johnnie! He was her youngest, and someway she loved him best.

And she thought he would surely give her a home where she could rest

For a little time at the nightfall, after day's work was done,

Till she went to the home of heaven where the best of all rests begun.

But when it came to the trial, the boy that she loved the best Had no place for his poor old mother, though room for many a guest;

And the only trouble he gave himself was a little extra stir
To get a place in the poorhouse as a good enough home for her.

Often she talked of her husband, gone heavenward years ago.

"Twas better he died when he did," she said, "for he found a home, I know;
And if he'd lived till this time, perhaps he'd have been, like me,
Sent off by his boys to the poorhouse, because he was seventy."

Sometimes she'd forget her sorrows, and her bitter sense of wrong, And think she was back in the summers which had been gone so long; And her husband was beside her, and the children, at her knee, Were prattling till the rafters rung with merriment and glee.

Then she would call them by their names, and kiss them every one,
And smooth their locks, and pat their heads, and help them in their fun;
And when the evening shadows came, she'd kiss them all good-night,
And tuck them in their little beds, and leave them till the light.

Then from her happy dreaming she'd waken suddenly,
And weep, and wring her poor old hands, to think
how it could be
That the children she had loved so well, when men
and women grown,
Could turn their poor old mother off to end her
days alone.

"I'd never have been much trouble, God knows," she would moan and cry;
"1 only asked for a shelter till it came my turn to

die.
They could not give to the mother, who bore them and loved them so,
A corner; but down in the churchyard there's rest for me, I know."

So the days went by, and she waited in the open poorhouse door. poorhouse door,
And watched for the coming of Johnnië, who came
to her no more—
Waited, and heped that maybe his heart would at
last relent And give her a home and a *little* love ere her days on earth were spent.

One day there came to the threshold a visitor dark and grim;
Some shrink at the sound of his footsteps, but she had welcome for him;
For she knew that peace eternal was the offering of this guest,
And a home that was not begrudged her, better than all the rest.

To a home that was better than any she ever knew

A home where the Lord was waiting to give her back her youth,
And her dear ones gone before her to the Hills of
Eternal Truth.

"Oh, John! I am coming to you!" she cried, with a sweet, bright smile
Breaking over her wrinkled features, as she thought of the brief, brief while
Ere she met her husband's kisses, and heard him softly say,
"I have waited a long time, darling, for this happy, happy day!"

At the last she thought of her children, and yearned to see them all,
And kiss them her forgiveness, before the night should fall;
The mother-love was stronger than her memory of

wrong— So strong, so deep, so tender, and suffering so long!

She died just at the sunset. "Oh, John!" she cried, and smiled,
And clasped her weary, wrinkled hands as meekly as a child;
And then she seemed to fall asleep, her hands upon her breast As children pray at nightfall, who they drop away

Yes, she had entered into rest, and found in God's fair lands The welcome of His great, warm heart to a home not made with hands.

Great Adventurers. PIZARRO.

The Conqueror of Peru.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

In Francisco Pizarro we have a character who excites both the admiration and the detestation of mankind-admiration for his dauntless courage, detestation for his perfidious crimes; and though he came of ignoble birth, led an ignoble life, and died an ignoble death, yet he occupies a most interesting position in history. As the conqueror and destroyer of a great race, with a remarkable civilization, he was but a representative man of the Spanish adventurers following up Columbus' discoveries. Cortez, Alvarado, Narvaes, Balboa, Pizarro, Almagro, Gonzales Pizarro, Carvejal-all were monsters in cruelty; every one of them reveled in human slaughter; they enslaved men; they regarded perfidy as no crime; lust for gold, for conquest and power led them to the nmission of acts which the verdict of mankind has stamped with the black seal of infamy. Historians, dazzled by their deeds, have extolled their achievements, but, measured by what they did and the spirit that animated

them, they are utterly detestable.

The date of Pizarro's birth is not accurately fixed by his biographers. He was the offspring of a peasant girl—his father being a "hidalgo" (gentleman) of Truxillo, Spain, near which the (gentleman) of Truxillo, Spain, near which the future adventurer was born at the close of the fiftheenth century (about 1485.) The boy grew having just arrived on the coast with a new

to young manhood as a swine-herder, receiving no education whatever. When old enough for service, and moved by the spirit of adventure and the love for gold which affected all classe and conditions of Spanish society, Francisco departed for the West Indies, and there was soon recognized as one of the most adventurous of all that wild and reckless crew who sought the New World. He formed one of the corps that made a settlement at Darien, and was at St. Mary's when Balboa, returning from over the mountains, reported the discovery of the Pacific Ocean, and visions of a new empire inflamed all the troops and colonists to a white heat. Balboa did not reap the reward of command in the second expedition planned to prosecute the new search for gold and kingdoms of fabulous magnificence. The choice of leader, by election, fell upon Pedrarias. Balboa, showing signs of resistance, was beheaded. Then followed a relentless war on the Indians, friendly and hostile, until the coast for many league was desolated and the "conquerors" greatly enriched by the spoils. The report of the rich country and a powerful people to the south having been confirmed by many of their captives, Pedrarias transferred his colony and forces to the Pacific, designing to proceed down the coast to reach the Incas' land, but dissensions among the men prevented the movement and the Panama colonists busied themselves in gathering gold from the natives by forays in all directions, until all were enriched.

News constantly coming of the enormous wealth of the country below called Peru, three of the Panama adventurers determined to fit out an expedition thither, at their own expense. The first to propose the scheme was Pizarro. His wealth of plunder was large, but not sufficient for equipping an expedition, so he took in as associates Diego de Almagro and an unscrupulous, mercenary, but very wealthy priest, Luques. Together these three planned, worked and matured, and finally set sail from Panama in November, 1524, with one vessel, on which were one hundred and twelve men and four horses, soon to be followed by Almagro with another vessel, having on board seventy more adventurers. Numerous landings were made in which the Spanish suffered severely. Almagro, in one encounter, lost half his force and one of his eyes. Pizarro's men dwindled by war, disease and exposure, until only one-half were fit for duty. Los Rios, who had succeed-ed Pedrarias, ordered the expedition to return, and all gladly obeyed save thirteen, who reolved to tarry and share Pizarro's fortunes to

Still pursuing the quest, the land of the Incas seemed to recede as they went, and for six months the little force tarried at the miserable island of Gorgona; then continued on and landed at Tumbez, where they first met with significant signs of the riches to come.

Returning to Panama in December, 1527, with considerable gold and manufactured ar-ticles obtained from the peaceable Peruvians, and bearing with him three of that intelligent race to learn the Spanish language, and thus to act as interpreters, Pizarro proposed a grand cheme of conquest, but the colony lacked the necessary men and equipment; so the indomi-table man made his way back to Darien, and thence to Cuba, and finally to Spain, where he received full authority to proceed, and conquer and to rule in the name of the emperor.

Armed with this valuable commission, he re urned to Cuba, Darien and Panama, and again he three associates began their work of organization and equipment. In February, 1531, they started, with three little vessels and one hundred and thirty-four infantry and thirty-six cav-

Pizarro was compelled to land three hundred miles north of Tumbez, but, dispatching one of his vessels to hasten forward reinforce nents expected from Darien and Nicaragua, he started on his search along the coast, slaughter-ing people and gathering gold as he progress-ed. The island of Pura, in the bay of Guayaquil, was carried by storm and garrisoned as a

both men of celebrity as soldiers; and thus re enforced he marched to Caxamalca, one of the imperial cities. This he entered unopposed and took possession of the palace and gr The reigning Inca, Atahualpa, hearing of this, proceeded in person, with a numerous retinue of his princes, nobles of the realm and leading warriors, to meet the Spaniard and to induce nim to retire. Fine presents accompanied the embassy that bore the announcement of the Inca's coming.

Thus forewarned the Spaniard prepared for a horrible initiation of his awful work. Plant ing his artillery in the magnificent shrubbery of the palace garden, so that it was all hidden and secreting, in the same way, his horsemen and most of his infantry, he awaited the Inca' approach. Atahualpa came and entered by the great gate, borne on a throne of gold, with escort of fifteen thousand of his body-guard As he entered a priest advanced and harangued the monarch, who paused to hear the address and its interpretation by one of the three in

He answered the peremptory demand for his submission to the authority of the King of Spain and the Church by tossing away the proffered breviary, and by returning the extended Bible with a laugh. At this impious in dignity the priest cried out, and immediately the guns opened fire, the cavalry charged, and the infantry, with sword and pike, burst into the disordered and terrified mass to slaughter the "barbarian dogs." Pizarro and his staff advanced to the throne and made the Inca prisoner, but all the princes of the blood and the attendant nobles were butchered on the spot and of that splendid host not one was spared Those who fled were pursued by the horse and cut down, while multitudes of the people who had gathered to see their emperor were given

to the sword. This most atrocious procedure was followed by a scene of wild debauch, while the wretch ed Inca, a prisoner in his own palace, was—like the miserable Montezuma, under Cortez iron grasp—forced to issue such orders as his captor chose to dictate. His prison-room was twenty-two feet long by sixteen feet in width. This room he promised to fill with gold as high as he could reach if that would procure his re Pizarro assented, and forthwith the work of gathering the treasures of the land com-menced. From all quarters it came in. Palaces, public buildings and homes were despoiled. People gave up their ornaments. The warriors stripped the coveted metal from their

persons and armor: the Inca was sacred in the eyes of the nation, and if gold would restore him it should not be wanting.

Alas for the perfidy of man! When that vast pile had accumulated to the full amount pledged, it was distributed at once among the

body of recruits, had his and their share. All to the injuries of the still insensible young were enriched even beyond their most sanguine dreams of wealth; and then they clamored for more! The Inca was taken out and strangled publicly at the stake, and the Spaniards marched to take possession of the royal city of Cuzco, whose riches were beyond cal-culation. The Inca being dead, in the midst of the war of factions for his succession the sanguinary invader was master of the situation.

Among these rivals for the succession was Cajoled by the treacherous Spaniards promises he joined their forces with his own powerful body of supporters, and thus the archenemy of the race was secure in his strength to grind the deceived Peruvians to the very

But the people, now aroused, hastily despoiled Cuzco, and firing the public buildings, fled. Pizarro, having to fight his way, arrived in time to stay the conflagration, (October, 1534, and its destruction was then averted. It was amazingly rich in gold, precious stones, cloth and stores of all kinds. Some of the houses were even plated with gold.

The adventurers, now almost satiated with plunder, did not restrain their work of slaying and despoiling, and finally, many tiring even of this, returned to Panama and thence to Spain, to show their riches to envious eyes and speed such a horde of rapacious men to Peru, that, ere the Peruvians were finally con-quered, over five thousand Spaniards had joined Pizarro's standard. The despairing people fought everywhere, but were utterly helpless before those terrible guns and the mail-clad horses with their fierce riders, and for three years the invaders were kept at their work of destruction. Gradually the Peruvians were driven to the mountains and as gradually the Spaniards came forward and occupied the abandoned cities and estates, until, by 1537, the race was enslaved or broken forever. Spanish atrocities had blotted out a civilization that a humane hand would have saved, and Pizarro, like Cortez, gave the crown an empirecrimson with the blood of innocent men.

The splendor of Cuzco was quite unique Its houses, palaces, gardens, streets, aqueducts, temples, theaters—as well as its manufactures —all indicated an intelligence even more advanced than that found in Mexico, but wholly The Peruvian government was paternal and humane and the people were emi-nently happy and prosperous. Whence came nently happy and prosperous. that civilization or the race who fostered it is one of the unfathomed mysteries that conjecture, tradition and investigation alike are pow erless to solve

Pizarro did not possess his blood-stained realms in peace. Almagro, his equal associate in the enterprise, would brook no superiority Pizarro in executive authority, or in division of territory, spoils and patronage. Conse quently they quarreled, and their respective partisans formed two factions whose animosity grew until each accepted the wager of battle Outside of Cuzco, on the plains of Salinas April 10th, 1538, the factions met in terrible conflict. Almagro was defeated, taken prisoner and beheaded, and his followers thereafter were deprived of all public employ or re-

They therefore gathered at Lima, which had become the viceroy's residence and headquarters, and, headed by a son of Almagro, entered into a conspiracy to assassinate their oppressor. June 5th, 1541, nineteen of the conspira tors proceeded, at the mid-day hour—when all people in that clime are at rest—to the palace of the viceroy, and marching to Pizarro's room, slew him there; then, turning their swords upon his adherents, they killed every one likely to resent his death. The streets and houses were now stained with Spanish blood. Almagro's friends were there in such force that, in three days' time, Pizarro's government was shattered and scattered, and young Almagro as-

sumed the reins But he was a monster without the talents of his father, and so proceeded in his work of good rendezvous and roadstead for his vessels.

The progress thus far had greatly inspirited the whole troop, so that Tumbez readily fell into their hands. There Pizarro was joined by into their hands. There Pizarro was joined by Service about to be involved in the horrors of civil war, when Vasco de Castro arrived from the provinces were about to be involved in the horrors of civil war, when Vasco de Castro arrived from the provinces were about to be involved in the horrors of civil war, when Vasco de Castro arrived from the progress thus far had greatly inspirited the whole troop, so that Tumbez readily fell into their hands. There Pizarro was joined by the provinces were about to be involved in the horrors of civil war, when Vasco de Castro arrived from the provinces were about to be involved in the horrors of civil war, when Vasco de Castro arrived from the provinces were about to be involved in the horrors of civil war, when Vasco de Castro arrived from the provinces were about to be involved in the horrors of civil war, when Vasco de Castro arrived from the provinces were about to be involved in the horrors of civil war, when Vasco de Castro arrived from the provinces were about to be involved in the horrors of civil war, when Vasco de Castro arrived from the provinces were about to be involved in the horrors of civil war, when Vasco de Castro arrived from the provinces were about to be involved in the horrors of civil war, when Vasco de Castro arrived from the provinces were about to be involved in the horrors of civil war, when Vasco de Castro arrived from the provinces were about to be involved in the horrors of civil war, when Vasco de Castro arrived from the provinces were about th bles and to assume the government in case of Pizarro's death. This gave all loyal people a rallying point. An army quickly gathered around De Castro; Almagro's forces were met, and, after a battle of unparalleled ferocity, were defeated, and Almagro perished on the

> What rapidly followed we can but briefly indicate. De Castro was superseded by Nunez who came from Spain with the power of viceroy, and with orders especially to rescue the poor Indians from the horrible slavery to which their ferocious captors had consigned them. This the people resisted and Nunez was sent into exile. Then Gonzales Pizarro, a halfbrother of the conqueror, returning from an expedition to the Amazon, found affairs ripe or his accession to power, and at once at tempted to seize the government. Nunez was now recalled, and under his lead an army gathered, and an awful battle was fought under the walls of Quito (January, 1545), in which Nunez was defeated, and Pizarro acceded to power. He was soon deposed by a new vice-roy, Gasca, with whom he fought and was taken prisoner and executed. And that was the last of the reign of the original conquerors—the story of whose brief exercise of political power only adds to the infamy of their first proceedings and renders the names of Pizarro and Almagro synonymous with what is abhor-

Brave Barbara: FIRST LOVE OR NO LOVE.

A STORY OF A WAYWARD HEART.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," ETC. CHAPTER XI.

A PROPOSAL AND A PURPOSE. THERE was gloom and consternation in Peer Rensellaer's home when the inanimate form of his only child—of Barbara, the beautiful, the generous, the high-spirited—was borne there and laid on the bed in her own luxurious room. The father was frantic; aunt Harlenberg

deeply moved. What would all his broad acres, his chests of mortgages and securities, his bonds, his gold and silver, his beautiful houses, his elegant furniture—what would the whole earth be to Peter Rensellaer, if his daughter were taken from

Nothing! nothing! nothing! He wrung his hands, he walked about like a

through the night she would probably recover. Her splendid physique, her perfect health, were greatly in her favor.

She was badly bruised in the left side, andthere was an ugly cut on the head, from which the blood had oozed until the thick masses of purple, silky hair were glued and clotted toether with the crimson tide.

Thank Heaven, the lovely, glorious features vere uninjured!

Ah! how beautiful she was in her stillness nd pallor!

Never, even to the fond eyes of her adoring father, had she been so faultless as when she lay stricken down in her young glory, pale, unconscious of his lamentations, the long, black lashes motionless on the ivory cheeks, the white temples stained with the frightful hue of

Herman, mute, cowering, too unnerved to be of any use, after his cousin was once brought into the house, sat in her room, staring at her as if he had lost his wits, until the surgeons ordered him out, retaining only aunt Margaret to assist them while they made the neces examination of the injuries and dressed the

Barbara's side was bruised and purple; but no bones were broken; the chief danger was to the brain. The wound was dressed, and during the operation she opened her eyes, moaned, and spoke a few words to her aunt, and again faint-She was recovered by stimulants, and left dozing in a semi-conscious state, in a darkened chamber, with injunctions to Miss Harlenberg to keep her quiet and free from all intrusion. This was all that could be done. The policesurgeon went away and the physician with Herman in the house—though the latter could not be said to have dined, on a glass of wine and a cup of coffee which he quaffed feverishly—and the doctor remained all night, carefully watching the condition of his beautiful patient. After breakfast he decided that Miss Rensellaer would probably recover—certainly would if brain-fever did not set in—and the old gentleman wept for joy, while Herman's heart gave a great leap in his breast.

Alas! brain-fever did set in. Barbara talked a little that afternoon, in whispers, with her aunt—who never left her bedside for more than five minutes at a time—asking if the lady had escaped the attack of the steer, and seeming leased to hear that her own brave, rash act had at least saved the stranger's life. She wanted to speak to her father, and smiled on him, and made a motion with her pale, pretty mouth that he should kiss her; and then aunt Margaret put a veto on her talking, and soon after that she fell asleep—a tossing, troubled sleep, during which she muttered and moaned, causing the physician to look grave, as he lingered in the room until she should awaken. When the fitful slumber was over, and the

oright eyes shone out again with a wild bright ness from wide-open lids there was no "specula tion in them;" the dreaded delirium had possion of the fevered brain; and from that time on, for several days, all was acute suspense and the long, fierce strain of doubt and harrow-

At the end of a fortnight her youth and pur blood had triumphed, the fever had departed, and Barbara lay on her bed, very weak, much wasted, and with all the purple glory of her hair shorn from her delicate head, but safe; with nothing to do but to get well under the untiring care of faithful doctor and fond

Still, she did not recuperate as rapidly as the physician had reason to expect. Days slipped into weeks, and yet Barbara lay there the pale shadow of her beautiful self.

Herman fretted himself into a thinness and paleness almost equal to hers, and not natural to his Dutch constitution; but Barbara would not have him in her room, let him beg ever so pitifully, and time dragged as it had never done before. Denied her company, and suffering from a sort of remorse, he was anything but happy at the state of affairs.

Finally the doctor told Peter that his daughter's illness must be of the mind; that there was no physical reason why she should not have been up and about long ago—"she does not try to get well," said he; and then the two old gentlemen talked over Barbara's love-affair with the Englishman—for the doctor had long been confidant and adviser in Peter's household—and fretted because they could not invent some way to straighten the tangled thread.

"She will not allow me to speak about De-lorme," said the father. "I dare not mention his name. It's first love or no love with her, the proud puss! and she will have nothing to say to him -don't care what his explanations are, so long as the fact exists that he was once

"As to Delorme, I've no idea where he is suppose he returned to England, but he may be in Oregon for all I know. He is about as highstrung as Barbara—went off the night she dis missed him, and none of us have heard from him since. They are both breaking their hearts, like a couple of fools, I dare say. Doctor, something must be done. The child is pining

But what was to be done when proud Bar bara would not permit even her fond old father to mention the forbidden name in her presence? There she lay, perhaps not speaking for hours, except to thank her friends for their little attentions, accepting their love, their gifts of flowers, books, jewels, her food and medicine, all with the same patient but listless smile.

One thing Barbara used to puzzle over great deal during the days when she lay there trying to die; but she was too obstinate to allow her father to explain what she desired so much to know.

"It seems papa knew that Delisle had not only married but that the woman he married was living. There must then have been a di-Doubtless for good cause—I will do Delorme that justice!—and the woman looked capable of making him very wretched!—but why did not papa tell me all before allowing me to accept him? Then there never would have been this dreadful mistake and breakingoff. For I never, never should have accepted a man's second love! Now, nothing on earth can ever again make me respect Delorme. he lied to me, yes, told me a falsehood! I can never forgive that—never love a man who has told me a deliberate untruth. He said I was the first woman he had ever loved. He concealed his miserable history. Love him? no!

if her heart would break-cry, till her tears were all shed, and relapse into the hopeless calm which so discouraged her friends.

"Love him, no!" she said to herself; yet they saw that she was dying for love of him all

Meantime, the police-surgeon, who had come from the park, and the family physician, who had been summoned on the way, examined in-

One day aunt Margaret came into the invalady.

They could not give an opinion whether she would live or die. By the following day time would have settled that question. If she lived rie on a tassel of the curtain. She did not hear her aunt enter. The spinster drew a chair to her side, laid an affectionate hand on the wasted one of the invalid, and said, after a little hesitation:

"Here is something which the lady whose life you saved left for you, with injunctions not to give it to you until you were well. I dare say it is some present which her gratitude has prompted her to make you. She did not say what it was, and the package was sealed so I do not know."

Barbara shrunk as the package was laid in

"She called regularly to inquire after you, for some time; seeming very grateful to you and deeply interested; but I believe she has now returned to Europe. It seems she was a traveler, of some wealth and distinction. I dare say you will hear from her again, Barbara. It would be strange if you did not, after what you risked for her—after 'the heroic conduct of the beautiful Miss Rensellaer,' as the papers have it," added aunt Margaret, with

"I never want to hear from her," cried poor Barbara, with a shiver. "I am sorry she left this. Put it away, auntie dear, I can't look at it to-day.

"Poor dear, no! I dare say it would recall your sufferings; I am sorry I showed it to you just yet," and the lady arose and placed the packet in one of Barbara's drawers, not dreaming how or why her niece suffered at sight of it; for Herman's lips had been sealed as to who the lady was whom Barbara had saved from death, and she had never mentioned it.

"I want to talk to you a little," said aunt Margaret, returning to her seat and her hold of Barbara's hand. "I don't want to trouble you, or excite you—but you know how we are all worried about you, Barbara, dear! You won't get well!"

"How can I help that, auntie?" "You can help it, my dear; you know you can—by being happy. There is more than one man in the world, Barbara. Because you are disappointed in one that is no reason why you should remain indifferent to others. We all know there is such a thing as true love in the There is a man who has long loved you—loved you for years!—whom you can trust—whom we all know—whose history lies plainly before us—about whom there mystery—no disguise. He loves you, but he has no opportunity to tell you so, now; and he has begged me, implored me, to speak for him, and I promised to do so."

"Who is it?" asked Barbara, coldly, just the faintest tinge of color coming into her pale cheeks—just the faintest sparkle of curiosity into her great, sad eyes

"Do you not guess?" "I have not the least idea, aunt. And perhaps you had best not tell me; for, be it who it will, he is nothing to me. There is not a man on the face of the earth I would marry. It will save him some mortification for you to

say nothing about him to me." "But I have promised him; and nothing else will satisfy him. "Well, I give you fair warning, aunt.

like no man, save my own good papa. Loved me for years?—that is curious; and, besides, I do not believe it. Does papa know about it?"
"Not yet. I have him to persuade, too."
"You are very good-natured, aunt Marga-

"Well, you see, I am not without a personal interest in him. I know him very well. And I sincerely wish you to try to think favorably of his suit. He is honest and faithful, if not brilliant. You certainly begin to see who I

"I certainly don't, aunt."
"Then I shall have to speak out more plain-"Oh, aunt, don't tell me his name! I don't care to hear. His case is utterly hopeless, and

why should you betray him?" "I will not think his case honeless It is true he is not so graceful, so au fait to all the little gallantries of society; but he is honest, and he loves you. Surely, Barbara, you might learn, by degrees, to esteem your cousin Her-

Barbara gave a little scream.

"Why, yes. Are you really astonished?"
"Profoundly, I assure you. Do not say another word, aunt Margaret—not one word. I cannot bear it. Herman!"

"Yes -he loves you, desperately. He is pining to a shadow—almost as thin as you are. I did not like the idea at first. He is not good enough for you. I told him so. If you were to be thrown in their way, you could marry dukes and princes, Barbara! no doubt of that! Few are good enough for you! But Herman is reliable, and that is a great deal. And he has loved you since you were a child in aprons.

"Aunt," spoke up Barbara, her great, dark, fathomless eyes glowing with something of their old fire, "Herman is not reliable, and he does not love me! He is nothing more nor less than that despicable creature—a fortune-hunter! He would like the Rensellaer patrimony, and me, well enough, with it.'

"How you talk! Herman a fortune-hunter!
Why, he is a most amiable young man, discreet, trustworthy. See how he manages your

"Very well, in a book-keeper," said proud Barbara, in her haughtiest tones, "but not allufficient in a husband." "His love ought to plead for him, Barbara."

"I tell you he does not love me. Love me! Love the girl whose heart he wrung and tortured purposely! Admit! that he thought me leceived in the man I loved—wanted to rescue me from unhappiness—would that enable him to break my heart with the eager willingness he showed to do so? I saw his malicious triumph over—over that other man. I saw no pity to me in his way of breaking the news. Yet you say he loves me! Strange love! Aunt Margaret, if there is a man whom I loathe and despise—whom, under any circumstances, I never could marry—from whom every fiber of my soul and body shrinks, that man is my cousin Herman! Tell him so at once, and let that end it.

Miss Harlenberg sat confounded. She was not a warm advocate of Herman's; but, in her great anxiety for her niece's health, she had at last taken up his cause and promised to pre-sent it before Barbara to the best of her ability.

'I had no idea you felt so toward Herman.' "I have tried to restrain the show of my feelings, because papa found comfort in my cousin, and he was a relative of the family. But had it not been for those considerations, I would have forbidden him ever to speak to me after—after that evening.

"You are very unjust, Barbara. Herman did what he felt to be his duty." "Humph!" said Barbara, her dark eyes blazing with indignation.

All inexperienced in life as the girl of seventeen was, she yet was wiser than her aunt in this—she read her cousin's true character by the electric flash of intuition; all his selfish long-settled purpose to secure the estate through her, all his cold-blooded triumph in his rival's discomfiture; and just as much as passionate 1 Barbara still loved the man her pride had driven her to discard, just so much did she dislike the one who had betrayed him

All the pay Herman was likely to get for his unasked service was her aversion and con-

And deep down in his sluggish but powerful nature began the life of a purpose to make his proud cousin suffer for her scorn and ingratitude, when aunt Margaret told him, as fully as she thought prudent, of Barbara's utter rejec tion of his suit.

"I will get her, and then I will punish her, he said to himself, with a certain savage stub bornness. "I will put my foot on her neck, proud as she is; and I will be master of Bellevue as well as of Barbara.'

And from that day, Herman-who at first had loved his fair cousin as much as it was in his nature to love anything but money and Herman Rensellaer-merged his affection in the coarse desire to humiliate and conquer her, and to get possession of her father's broad acres and yellow gold. Not bad in the beginning only selfish, pertinacious and calculating; he promised to become bad quickly enough, now

that self-interest showed him the way.
"Master of Bellevue and Barbara" was the hidden motto written in his heart.

CHAPTER XII.

MORE DESPERATE THAN BRAVE. HERMAN'S proposal, made through aunt Margaret, and a suspicion of his motives, had one good effect on Barbara. It aroused her from the utter apathy which had prevented her get-The very next day she delighted her father by coming down to dinner, so sweet, so pale, the tears ran out of his eyes as he took her in his arms and kissed her.

You have lost your daughter, papa," said Barbara, trying to be playful, "but you have a fine boy in her place," and she ran her white fingers through the short black curls which covered her proud little head. "If you will teach me business, papa, I am certain I can soon learn to manage all your affairs," and she darted a look at her cousin which he understood better than he affected to. "I shall be happier to have something fixed to do, as young men have.

Mayn't I learn to keep your accounts, papa?"
"How long would you stick to them, puss? And what would Herman do if you took his occupation away?'

"Oh, you and aunt Margaret give him what you intend to, and let him set up for himself! It is time, I think. If my cousin has ambition, he will not be content to stay with us.

Herman's sallow complexion turned a shade more yellow as he met the mocking, scornful eyes of his beautiful cousin; but he bit his lips to restrain his anger, saying presently, with a

"Uncle Peter rates my services higher than you do, Barbara.

That evening Barbara received a few calls in the drawing-room, and listened to many compliments on the heroism which had cost her so dear. She was tired when she went to her room, and glad to retire as soon as her maid had undressed her; but she could not sleep, for all. She thought of many things; and it seemed as if Herman's declaration of love had opened her eyes to see some of those in a different

It was suspicious, too, that he should have been in confidential conversation—evidently an appointment—with that woman, the day she met them in the park,

Why should her cousin continue to have re lations with her of which he told the family nothing? Perhaps she, Barbara, had been too hasty, too fierce in her dismissal of the sinner whom she had condemned without a hearing.

Yesterday nothing would have induced Bar bara to open the small package which Mrs.

Courtenay had left for her. Now, an irresistible desire to learn the nature of its contents urged her to creep out of bed, go to the locked drawer, unlock it and take out the little square packet. Trembling from head to foot, she turned up the light, drew a small rocking-chair under it, sat down and untied the ribbon and broke the seal.

The first thing which fell out was a note; it

The first thing which fell out was a note; it ran thus:

"Miss Rensellaer:—One month ago I hated you with a hate which wished you all evil, all ill-luck and trouble which could happen. I hated you because you were beautiful, because you were young—rich—pure—but most because you were young erich—pure—but most because Delorme Dunleath loved you. I could have blinded your young eyes, defaced your young beauty, injured you in all worst ways. I rejoiced when I had destroyed your happiness and caused you to cast off the love of the man I loved.

"In return, you risked your life to save mine. You preserved me from a sudden and horrible death for which I was illy prepared. You, to whom life was so full of good things, nearly perished in rescuing me. When I looked on you, lying there in the park, pale, bleeding, perhaps dead, all my hate died out. I prayed for you to live—and be happy. Every day since I have prayed God that you might recover; though I am all unused to pray; and am too bad for my prayers to be heard, I fear.

"You saved my life, and that, if not dear to me, is dear to my child. I am a mother, and my boy needs me. I am going back to England, to him, and to trouble you no more.

"I wish to make you some small gift in testimony of my gratitude. I therefore send you this picture, from which, heretofore, nothing could induce me to part. You have the best right to it. When you look att, forgive him whose likeness it is. Do not judge him so harshly. He has been far more sinned against than sinning. And he has a perfect legal right to marry. He was and is the victim of a nefarious plot which nearly ruined his young life. Even he, himself, does not know all. There is one fact of importance to him, of which he is still kept in ignorance. When he marries you, and not until then, I shall place him in possession of that fact.

"Wishing you a long life of happiness and proseprity, and that your quarrel with D. D. may soon be made up, I remain, Yours, gratefully.

"Vr.C."

As soon as Barbara had read the note she flung

As soon as Barbara had read the note she flung it from her to the floor, as if it had been a wasp or spider.

But presently she picked it up and read over the latter half of it two or three times.

Then she took up the case holding the pic-

ture, and with quivering fingers undid the wrappings. Inside of the velvet case was a large locket of gold richly set with pearls and

Touching the spring of this there came to view a miniature exquisitely painted on ivory. A little faint, gasping cry came from Barbara's dry throat when she looked on it.

It was Delorme. Delorme, younger than as she knew him, beautiful as a seraph; with an open, beaming countenance, frank, sunny eyes, and the unclouded brow of a boy of nineteen. Truth, honor and manliness were written on every speaking feature. Oh, how beautiful, how noble he appeared!

The mad current of Barbara's love, so long

wept, she sobbed, she cried out again and again that she was sorry she had sent him away.

Then the torturing thought came on her of

the woman in whose bosom the miniature had lain so many years.

It had been painted, doubtless, for her, whom Delorme then loved. For another—not for Barbara!—had those costly jewels been lavishy given to adorn its setting. With thoughts of that other had the face glowed and smiled.

In a paroxysm of jealousy as strong as her love, Barbara hurled the bauble from her, scorning it as it lay, face down, on the floor. Then again love got the better of resentment; and she crept to pick it up, kissed it, wet it with tears, and finally she took it to bed and fell asleep, exhausted by emotion, with the portrait under her pillow.

Oh! what stronger pleader of Delorme's cause could her rival have sent than his own

face to plead for him? The first thing when Barbara awoke she stole a look at the miniature. The sight of it was misery—yet it was pleasure. She went down to the late breakfast with something of the old color in her pale cheeks. Peter Rensellaer paid a visit to Wall street, afterward, feeling very appy over his daughter's recovered bloom That night he brought home a magnificent young broker to dinner—a gentleman whose prilliant financial operations—though he was but twenty-six—were only rivaled by the brilliancy of his triumphs in society. The din-ner was sumptuous; for Peter had telegraphed home to his cordon bleu to have it of the best; Barbara was sweet as a rosebud and gay as a butterfly, causing Herman's turquoise-blue eyes to sparkle with jealousy as she smiled at the young millionaire and financier. After dinner they all went to the opera. It was the first time Barbara had been out since the accident. Her short hair curled about her low smooth young forehead under her white opera-hat. Her white cloak and her pink silk and her pearls set off her beauty; and she was just pale enough and weak enough to be interesting, when we

broker fancied that he had decided on a wife. But as soon as Barbara had gone home, re-tired to her room, and her maid had relieved her of her finery, she dismissed her, took out the locket from her bosom, and paused long over the face pictured there, with sighs, frowns

considered the cause. All the lorgnettes were leveled at the Rensellaer box; and the young

and a tear or two. Repentence was at work in her passionate heart, which could never do anything by halves. She began to be sorry that she had sent Deorme off without giving him an opportunity to defend himself.

She even resolved, before she fell asleep, that, on the morrow, she would humble herself to ask her father to give her the explanation he nad so often offered and she refused.

But, with her breakfast, came a letter which made her change color when she read the superscription. It was a foreign letter, from some small village, and she instantly recog-nized the handwriting as that of Mrs. Court-

Glancing up at Herman she saw that he had already scrutinized the letter, on its outside, by the expression of his face. She put it, un-opened, in her pocket. Pride caused her to affect indifference and to linger at the table until after her father and cousin left it.

Who can be writing to you from England?" asked aunt Margaret, as only they two remained at the table.

"I think it is the lady whom I rescued in the park, auntie"—Miss Harlenberg had still no idea who that lady was, for neither Herman nor Barbara had told her. Very nice of her to write to you, I am

"Yes, auntie. I will run up to my room and read her letter."

"Why not read it here?" "Oh, John is waiting to remove the things. Besides, I always prefer to read my letters in

my own room. How curious! So do I, Barba; but I never noticed that you did."

The young girl kissed her aunt, as she passed and ran up to her ch she locked the door, and broke the envelope

Why should she write to me again? It is impudent. I have a mind to return it, unread." But her hesitation was not of long duration: curiosity prevailed, and she drew out the let

curiosity prevailed, and she drew out the letter:

"MADEMOISELLE:—Pardon this intrusion, which you may consider unwarrantable. When I left America, I left a picture for you, with the expressed desire that you might learn to regard the original with more favor. I do not know that what I said had any weight with you. If it had, I take it all back. Think as little of Delorme Dunleath as possible. He could not have loved you, or he would not so soon be engaged to another. I have learned, on undoubted authority, since I came here, that he is about to contract a marriage—it is to be consummated at Christmas—with a young lady of rank, whom he met at his aunt's house, but a few weeks ago, for the first time. There are circumstances connected with the affair which make his conduct in it dishonorable in the extreme. It is to be a secret marriage—a flight, elopement—like his first. The lady is betrothed to Delorme's cousin the Earl of Dunleath. How I came into possession of the secret plans of the two it is not necessary for me to explain; except to say that I have a confidant at the castle, and that this friend of mine overheard, in the garden, the whole plot of the lovers, as they discussed it secretly. On the very day on which she has promised to wed the earl the lady intends to elope with Delorme, who is thus doubly a traitor—to you, and to his cousin—the latter an invalid, upon whom the disappointment will be sure to act disastrously. I tell you this out of kindness to you, as it may save you mortification in the future. Forewarned, forearmed The little comedy of duplicity and double-dealing is now being played not far from where I am writing this, at Dunleath Castle. I do not think that Delorme is in love with Lady Alice R. He is probably incapable of that. His motive, in marrying the lady, is to cheat his cousin out of a wife, and thus, if possible, prevent an heir being born to the title and estates—as, in case of his cousin, the earl s, dying without issue, Delorme will inherit. The earl, being in poor health, wi

Three times Barbara read the letter over; then she arose, tore it across, and threw it on the coals which glowed in the silver grate. Her eyes burned, almost like those coals, but her cheeks were pale as the ashes beneath. She drew her slender figure up to its hight, walked to the mirror and looked at herself, half-proudly and half-wonderingly, as if she doubted the pos sibility of any man having trifled with her. Ah! she caught her breath with a choking gasp. Here she stood, Peter Rensellaer's proud daugh ter, whom people flattered and praised, called beautiful! She had been duped—fooled—her neart, her very soul won from her by this man.

Not till then did Barbara know what a comfort it was to dream that Delorme suffered as nuch as she did in their parting. Now, all the nortification, the loss, the anguish was hers! He had already consoled himself!

She had broken her heart for him-almost died for him-while he was amusing himself dammed by pride, overflowed at sight of that picture. She kissed it a hundred times. She trothed! Oh! the thought was intolerable!

A strange fire, a stranger smile, kindled deep lown in her beautiful, unfathomable eyes; two oright red roses bloomed out in her pale cheeks; her short upper lip, so sweet and so spirited, curled in a sort of self-contempt of her own

"This is the first of December," she whispered, after awhile. "It will be three weeks and ver, to the twenty-fifth."

She unlocked her door and went down to the drawing-room, sat down to the grand piano and egan to play an exquisite movement of Chop n's, as if she had not a thought in the world out to interpret the delicious music. Herman had lingered in the house, loth to go

curiosity about the letter. His cousin had treated him with such open contumely that he had to make an effort to master his resentment; but the music drew him, and his desire to be with her was greater than his self-respect, and it was only a few minutes

before he had heard something to satisfy his

until he was in the drawing-room. She saw him come in, and she played on, ten fifteen, twenty minutes. Then, with a sudden discordant crash, she ceased, and about on the music-stool until she faced him. She looked at him steadily a few seconds and ourst out laughing.

'Is the very sight of me so amusing?" asked

"I was laughing at my own thoughts, Heran. Shall I tell you what they were?" man. "If you please, certainly. Any condescen-tion on the part of my lady cousin will be de-

"Well, I am going to be very condescending, cousin Herman. You did me the honor the other day to propose to me—through an embassador I refused you. I have reconsidered my refu

"What do you mean, Barbara?"
"Just what I say. I have reconsidered the uestion and am willing that you should pre-

nt it a second time. In order that you may ridicule me." "No, Herman-in order that I may accept

your hand—provided you offer it.' A bright flush came over his sallow face; his eart leaped into his throat. He knew, perfectly well, that she had bad news from England, and was piqued and desperate. What of that? Now was his opportunity! So soon as he could speak, for the lump in his throat, he threw himself down on his knees at her feet,

"It is offered, cousin Barbara, a thousand Will you be my wife?"

"Yes, Herman, provided you consent to short engagement;" laughing again. "I should like the wedding set for Christmas

"You are not mocking me?" "I am in dead earnest. But you need not crush my fingers, cousin. Let me and my hand alone for the present. I leave it to you to inform papa of the matter. No, I tell you, I won't be kissed! I don't like it. But if I am to consider myself engaged, I will order the carriage and go shopping for the trousseau."

"You liked kissing that night on the moon lit porch at Bellevue," thought Herman, "but I can wait, surely, until Christmas day, for your favors, my cousin. You will not alter your mind before you get back from your

drive, Barbara?" he asked aloud.
"Not this time, Herman. You can speak to
my father when you please." She had promised to be his, but Herman would sooner have embraced a pillar of fire, than lay a finger on his cousin as she flashed

out of the room (To be continued—commenced in No. 340)

CHASTELAR.

BY B. E. TURNAS.

In a gorgeous, royal chamber,
Draped with gold and silver sheen,
Stood the fairest of the Marys,
Mary Stuart—Scotland's queen.

There before her stood a figure Swaying like a broken spar; Writhing under her just anger Is the Sieur de Chastelar.

And the courtiers saw, when coming, By the light the one lamp gave, Scotland's queen, with finger pointing-Pointing at this wretched slave.

And the queen, in royal anger, Said, in words which checked their breath 'Go! bid Maitland fill the warrant! Chastelar is doomed to death!"

"It is well!" replied he, calmly;
"Lips I love pronounce my doom!
Mary, for thee I die happy;
And most gladly seek the tomb. "Wouldst but pity the offender, Whilst thou doometh the offense, I, thy lover, beauteous Mary, Ask no better recompense.

"I'd not save the life thus shortened, By the turning of a hand, For the crown of bonny Scotland— Brightest crown in all the land.

'Lead on, minions!' he commanded;
"Scotland's truest subject slay!'
Bowing low, then said to Mary—
'Twas the last she heard him say—

"Mary, Mary, beauteous Mary!— Ah! I ve loved thee from afar! Queen of Scotland, think hereafter On thy slave, de Chastelar!"

And, in many a mournful hour, Bonny Scotland's widowed sta

The Black Lace Basque

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS. "CHARLEY! Oh, Charley! I'm so glad I've

net you!" said a soft, piquant voice, just behind Charley Graham. He turned, and found his pretty, daisy-faced wife, Lucy, with her cheeks all aglow, dressed in her stylish ecru walking-suit and fresh spring

'Eh, Lucy, shopping?' said he, as she walked on with him.
"A little. And oh, Charley, I've found the

most splendid bargain. Can't you give me fifty Why, Lucy, I did give you fifty this morn-

'Yes, but that was for the new spring things—real necessities, you know. And this is for a black lace basque, just the loveliest thing out! Real lace, too! Just think of a real lace basque selling for fifty dollars! Why ou couldn't get it at Stewart's or Arnold's for two hundred! But you see, it belongs to Mrs. Howard, and they are going out to she won't need such things there. So to get she won't need such things there. So to get the ready cash, she'll let it go for fifty. never have such another chance, and you must

let me have the money, Charley! "I'm afraid I can't to-day, pet." "Oh, you must, Charley! You know I'll

I can't spare the money to-day. We had some big payments to meet yesterday, and we sent the last five-dollar note, even, out of the store. You'll have to wait a little."

"And then somebody else will get it," pouted Lucy. "I do want it so bad, Charley!" Charley never could bear to see Lucy's sweet face clouded, so he answered:

"Well-I'll see how trade goes to-day, pet and if I can spare it you shall have the money to-night; you must be content with that; it's the best I can promise. Good-by, now; I must take a car for the Tenth street depot here, and attend to shipping some goods.

He hurried away, and little Mrs. Lucy finish ed her shopping and went home.
"Dear! dear! I do hope Charley will let me

have that money!" she soliloquzed, as she put her gloves in the little bureau-drawer. "Why, what's this now?" She picked up a roll of bills which lay in the drawer, and began to unfold "There, now, what a careless fellow my Charley i-!" she cried. "He's put this money here, and forgotten it! I dare say he has no

idea how much there is in the roll. one hundred and fifty dollars! And he told me he hadn't five dollars to-day! Now, Mr. Charley! We'll see who gets a lace basque I'll take fifty—it will be a good joke on Charley —serve him right for being so careless with his money! Of course I'll tell him after I get the

lace basque, and he won't care. Mrs. Lucy separated fifty dollars, and put the rest of the roll back in the drawer as she

"Now I'll go right after dinner and get the basque, and show it to Charley when he comes nome to supper," she said, triumphantly, as she

changed her dress and ran down-stairs.

As her foot touched the lowest stair the doorbell rung, and Lucy opened the door herself. The caller was young Markley, a clerk from the store. He told Mrs. Lucy that Mr. Graham had sent for a roll of money which he had left at home, and which she would find in the little left hand bureau-drawer, in their own room.

"I wonder if he knows how much there was?" thought Lucy, as she ran back for the money, half-tempted to put the bills she had taken ou with the rest. "No, I don't believe he does e's so awful careless with money. Besides, he said I might have it if he could spare it, and, as it is here, of course he can! I'll just keep it, and have the lace busque in spite of him!

So Mrs. Lucy sent only the roll of one hundred, and tucked the fifty snugly away in her own little purse. After dinner some friends came in to spend

the afternoon, and Lucy could not go to Mrs. Howard's to make her purchase. Charley came home early to tea, and Lucy oticed that he looked worried and blue.

"He's fretting because he thinks he will have to disappoint me, dear old goose!" she said, to herself, with a little laugh.

I have the money already!"

She had no chance to speak to Charley till after their guests were gone, late in the even Then she dropped herself on her favorite

perch, his knee, and began to question him.
"What is the matter, Charley? You l ok as if you were going to your own funeral! would almost as soon do that as what I did do this afternoon!" he said, with a heavy

Why, what dreadful thing did you do?" "I turned Markley away from the store."
"Why, Charley!" cried Lucy, in quick surise, "I thought Markley was your favorite

"He was, Lu. And he has a wife and a young babe. I hated it terribly, but I couldn't help it. Lucky for him that was all I did some men would have had him arrested at

"But what did he do?" cried Lucy, most un-consciously, not dreaming that she had caused this mischief.

could not positively prove that he did anything," said Charley, "but circumstantial evidence was so strong that I felt obliged to dismiss him. He came near fainting when I derer was—Clinton Craig! told him. I never hated anything so much in

'But do tell me what he did!"

"Do you remember his coming here to-day after some money I had forgotten?" "Yes!" cried Lucy, quickly, turning pale with a sudden fear. "Well, Lu, I had laid that money aside for a special payment, one I did not want to fail to meet, and I know—I am sure—there were

one hundred and fifty dollars in the roll when I left it here. Markley brought only one hun-He says you gave him the money yourself, and he saw no one else. Now there was no one around this morning but Bridget and you and me-we know Bridget is thoroughly trustworthy, and as no one handled the money but myself, yourself and Markley, why, Lucy, it was plain he kept back fifty. I told him if it was plain he kept back fifty. I told him if he would confess and return it, I would excuse him and let things go on as usual. He would not-denied knowing anything about it, and the least I could do was quietly to dismiss I'd rather have given him a hundred

than have done it, indeed I would!"

Poor Lucy! She sat speechless and trembling while Charley told his story, and when he paused felt almost overcome. What had seemed to be a harmless joke in the

morning, seen in this new light was a terrible reality. What should she do? A first impulse suggested that she could run up-stairs, slip the bills in the drawer and pretend that she had overlooked them in her haste, but the next moment her better nature conquered. She would not deceive Charley, she

would make a clean breast of it, and be honest and true, now, at least.
"Oh! Charley!" she sobbed, covering her burning face with her hands, "go this minute, to-night, and tell Markley to come back to the store to-morrow! He didn't keep back the fifty dollars—it was I—I did it! I did it, Char-

You! Lucy!!" "Yes, I! I, Charloy! Oh, it didn't seem any harm, and I never thought of your accus-ing poor Markley! It was that miserable lace basque! You know I wanted fifty dollars so bad! And when I found it here I thought I a And when I found it here I thought Id

'Oh, Lucy! if you had only told me at noon, and saved poor Markley all that!" said Charley, reproachfully.
"I would if I had dreamed of such a thing Indeed I would, Charley! But I never thought

keep it, and tell you after I got the basque.

of it! I didn't mean to do wrong, Charley; please forgive me."
"I can forgive it," said Charley, "and I'm so glad to find it was not poor Markley, that I shall not even scold you. But I think it will

be a lesson to you, won't it, Lucy?" "Yes! yes! a bitter one, I'm sure! But, Charley, don't let poor Markley suffer any

once, for it is only right I should," he added, giving her the kiss of forgiveness and putting her off his knee. "And, Lucy," he added, "you shall have the lace basque to-morrow."

"No, Charley, I don't want it now. I could

never bear to wear it—I should hate and despise it! Get me anything else you please, but ot that now!"

"Very well, as you please about it," said Charley, as he kissed her good-by, and set out, late though the hour was, to lift the load from poor Markley's heart and hearthstone. How great the rejoicing which he carried in-

to that simple home, only they who know by experience could tell. But Lucy slept the happier after she heard nis story on his return, and she never forgot

the lesson of the black lace basque.

Under the Surface:

Murder Will Out.

A STORY OF PHILADELPHIA. BY WM. MASON TURNER M. D. AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL," "MABEL VANE,"

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN ENEMY'S TESTIMONY. On the day after the fearful struggle for the mastery Alice Ray was able to sit up in bed. She could converse rationally and without fa-

On the next day, when the doctor had returned to see her, a glad light lit up his fine eyes, as he marked the wondrous change for the better in his patient. And Alice bent on the young man a beaming look of gratitude

and confidence. But then a slight cloud spread over the physician's face. He was thinking that the victory which he had won was barren of fruit to him; ne knew that Alice Ray could never be his wife; he knew, too, that his sad heart would ever be ateless, now. And then another terrible battle began in the young man's bosom—that battle was waged to win a victory over himself. Yet, though we endeavor to faithfully chroncle events, we cannot record how that struggle

In due and speedy time Alice recovered, and, though for a time her face was pinched and sallow, and her eye dim and lusterless, yet, the oses bloomed soon again in the faded cheeks, and light and hope glanced from those dovelike orbs of skyey blue. Whether or not her heart was happy we cannot say; but, in speedy time, Alice Ray, in all that marks a gentle,

ovely maiden, was herself again. We will not attempt to describe the sensa tion created in the city by the absence of Mr. Floyd. Rumor spread on rumor and by evening there were a hundred startling reports afloat. One had it that the old man had been murdered in Fairmount Park, and another that he had been overcome by cold, had frozen to death by the mill-houses, and that the stormy winds had blown his hat into the congealing water. Another rumor had it that his hacked and mutilated body had been found near Girard avenue bridge, and so on, and so on.

None of these reports were true, so far as proof was concerned. Officers were soon at work, quietly, yet searchingly; but no clue had been discovered leading to the clearing up of the mystery.

These flying reports reached Minerva Clayon's ears in due time. The proud girl's eyes flashed almost with exultation as she heard the startling tidings. She was even then glorying in the happy thought that she would soon be the wife of a handsome and wealthy young gen-

Later in the day another terrible, mysterious report got wind. It was wafted quickly abroad, rushing like the storm itself. That report was that old Thompson Floyd had been murdered and flung into the Schuylkill, and that the mur-

This report, even more startling than the others, likewise reached Minerva, the bankpresident's daughter. And, strange to say, the maiden did not evince much emotion. was a sudden, perceptible start in her, a rapid paling of the peachy cheeks, a frightened, tremulous expression about the eyes. there speedily came a calm, which was as unnatural as it was sudden. Then she seated herself, while a serious shade gradually spread over her face, and fell to musing. An hour

When the girl at last arose there was an unmistakable smile of satisfaction, of a well-won triumph, on her lovely face; and she murmured, "Well, well! it matters not to me! In eith

er case, I'll gain my point; for I must—nay! I already have won!" We will return to Clinton Craig's room on this eventful night when he had been arrested

for the murder of his adopted father. As those fatal words: "For the murder of Thompson Floyd!" fell from the officer's lips, Clinton staggered back, and, clutching feebly at the door-facing, murmured, in a tone of

'Murdered! murdered! Oh, Heaven! no!" "Bear up, Clinton! be a man. This is false; and I'll stand by you!"

"I'm sorry to perform so sad a duty, Mr. Craig," said the sergeant as the doctor ceased. But I must take you before an alderman, and now. Whatever you or your friend may have to say please defer until then. I must search this room, and this house, before I leave.

"Do your duty, officer; I'll not hinder you;" answered Clinton, who had now recovered his composure, leaning, pale but determined, on the arm of Dr. Ashe. Leaving a policeman in the room, the sergeant, bidding old Barton to follow him, enered the library and searched it thoroughly.

Every drawer that was unlocked was inspec ed; likewise the bookcase, the tables and all the furniture. "Do you miss anything from this room, my

man?" asked the sergeant, as he paused after finishing the work of search. "Only one article, sir; a pocket-pistol which Mr. Floyd always kept in that drawer, there.'

The officer noted this. Anything else? Are you sure?" he asked, ooking up from his memorandum-book. Old Barton hesitated. Then he said:

"Nothing else, sir, except an old silk cord that used to hold that picture up," and he pointed to the portrait of Lieut. Floyd. 'Ah!" ejaculated the sergeant, as he made

another entry. Then he left the room, and proceeded to search the mansion from top to bottom, from garret to cellar. But nothing was disturbed, nothing taken. Ten minutes afterward Clinton Craig, in company with his friend who so nobly stood by

"Oh, you must, Charley! You know I'll never have such another chance, and it will be so sweet over my mauve silk. I've set my heart on it, Charley!"

"I shall only tell him the money was found there in my house," said Charley, "and ask his pardon for doubting him. And I will go at away.

"Ten minutes afterward Chinton Craig, in company with his friend who so nobly stood by him, and with the sergeant, entered a carriage in waiting, amid the wild hooting of the throng. A moment and the vehicle jolted away.

Only a few moments elapsed before Clinton Craig was standing before an alderman. The small room was crowded almost to suffocation, while a shouting mob outside made the night

Near the alderman's desk stood Mr. Miller, the superintendent of the factories, old Barton and the boy with the skates. The lad also carried a gentleman's silk hat.

For a moment there was a breathless silence as the alderman conferred with the sergeant in an undertone. At length the legal functionary turned toward the young man who was now standing firm and alone, and said:

"An unpleasant task for me, Mr. Craig; but, duty is duty. You are arrested, sir, on the suspicion of having murdered your best friend -your adopted father."
"I am innocent of the crime, sir! innocent,

sir, before God and man!" These words were spoken bravely, defiantly. Dr. Ashe watched his friend with burning

That is not for me to decide; the courts will decide that matter," said the magistrate, with dignity. "I must see if the suspicions are supported by ample evidence, evidence sufficient to warrant your commitment for trial. Now, answer me only this question: are you, directly or indirectly, interested in the proper-ty held and owned by Thompson Floyd?

The question was plain and pointed. The answer was not slow in coming. "I have good reason to think that I am," replied the prisoner, boldly.

"Did your adopted father ever mention to you that he had made a testament, willing property to you?"

'He told me as much, more than once," was the calm reply. "That will do, sir," said the alderman, as an

expression of pity passed over his face. Then turning to the old domestic, he said: "Eldradge Barton, swear on the Holy Evangelists, or affirm, that you will speak the truth and naught but the truth, to the questions

which I may put to you.' The oath was administered, and old Barton gave his evidence. It was meager, amounting

simply to this: Mr. Thompson Floyd had told him on the afternoon in which the old gentleman left the house, that he had received a note, or a message, from Mr. Miller, superintendent of the factories, requesting him to go out to Manayunk and have a talk about some derangement of the machinery. A rough-looking man had brought the note. That he, Barton, after two days' anxious waiting, had gone to Manayunk and seen Mr. Miller. To his surprise Mr. Miller had heard nothing or seen nothing of the old gentleman; nor had he sent a note.

Mr. Miller himself was then sworn, and tes-tified that he had neither sent a messenger or a note to Mr. Floyd, and that the mill was in no way deranged.

The lad with the skates stated, under oath,

that he was skating out on the river by Fairmount dam, and for a compensation offered by a policeman, had ventured out on the ice and cured the hat which was half-imbedded in the river.

The magistrate reached over, and taking the hat from the boy, read in it, aloud, the name: THOMPSON FLOYD, Spruce street."
A loud murmur filled the room.

Then the alderman looking up, said:
"The police-sergeant informs me that the

pistol belonging to Mr. Floyd is missing. Now, Mr. Craig, tell me the nature of your wound." The young man started violently; his face paled, and it was with difficulty that he controlled himself.

"It is a wound from a bullet, sir," he answered, in a voice just above a whisper.

Another loud murmur ran through the room.

"Gun, rifle, or pistol?" pursued the alder "Pistol, sir; but- it was an accident."

The apartment was as silent as death. An accident, sir? Ah! well: we must look

a little further into-

At that moment there were loud voices cut by the door, and then ensued some confusion and jostling in the crowd, as a tall man elbowed his way rudely through the crowd. In a moment more Algernon Floyd, panting with exertion but calm and composed, strode forward

"I beg your honor's pardon," he said, inclining his head to the law functionary; "but I am come on important business. Mr. Craig

"Volunteer no evidence, unless you are sworn, Mr. Floyd," interrupted the alderman, suggestively. Algernon Floyd's face reddened; but he sim-

ply bowed, and said: 'I was only anxious, sir, to do justice.

perhaps forgot the requirements of the law. I am ready to be sworn, your honor." He placed his lips reverentially to the testa-nent. As he did so, he gave a quick, glitter-

ing glance toward Clinton Craig. That young gentleman was aghast with as tonishment; but Fred Ashe never removed his

gaze from Algernon Floyd's dark face Now, Mr. Floyd, you can speak," said the

'What I have to say, your honor, can be told in a few words." "Go on, sir.

"Clinton Craig knows nothing of this affair. A day or two since I saw him wounded by the accidental discharge of a pistol. sides, sir, this afternoon while searching through the library of my uncle's mansion, in company with the officer left in charge of the premises I found this slip of paper with the writing on it, which you may see. It confirms me entirely in my preconceived opinion; namely, that my unfortunate uncle has committed suicide by drowning."

As he concluded he handed a strip of paper to the alderman. The room was hushed to the completest silence, as that person took the scrap of paper and cast his eyes over it. Then, in a tone of some surprise, he read aloud thus:

"Yes! yes! at times I am wretched, and weary of life. Memory will not cease to goad me; and forms and faces of dead ones gone forever, forever haunt me! Can! I live this burdensome life? Or, shall I take my life in my own hands? Have I such a right? Alas! yes! Beneath the crushing wheels of a rushing locomotive, or under the dark waters of the Schuylkill, all trouble, all woe, all bygone memories, would be forgotten! all anguish buried, all sorrow forgotten!"

A pin could have been beard to fall as the

A pin could have been heard to fall as the alderman slowly laid aside the scrap of paper.
"There is no name to this," he said; "but it is the writing of Thompson Floyd; for I know it myself. Under these circumstances I beg to

say that you are discharged, Mr. Craig.' Leaning on the steady arm of Dr. Ashe, young Craig slowly made his way through the hushed throng. As he passed near the dark-bearded man, his enemy—whose evidence had cleared him, he said in a whisper, but very

From my heart I thank you, Algernon

"There is no need or occasion, Clinton Craig," was the peculiar reply, given in the same low

CHAPTER XIX. GROPING.

SLOWLY, gradually the dark object by the vall assumed shape and then motion. Slowly straightening up as it moved along hugging the wall, it grew into the form of a brawny man; but that man deformed, a hideous lump on the shoulder marring what might otherwise have been an elegant form.

Reaching a small gate the man placed his hands upon it and sprung lightly over. He paused again, fearing that his footfall might betray him. But again he strode onward until he stood beneath a window in the rear of the

nagnificent mansion. The hour was between twelve and one o'clock,

and the darkness was inky. "All's well!" he muttered. "Ay! so far, all's well. Courage, brave heart, and be true to your master! I am working for high stakes, and upon the single turn of Fortune's wheel de pends success or failure. I cannot fail now Everything has happened too well thus far to— Happened? Yes; ha! ha! and my lucky star be praised. But now to work. Yonder is the window, below it the lock, and have the key. I must do my best now with the line.'

As he spoke, he drew from his bosom a small slender cord, knotted at regular intervals with cross-pieces. When secured to a point and extended it would make a ladder.

The man hesitated a moment; but, peering sharply above him in the blackness, he swung the coil around his head and let it fly. But almost instantly, it rattled down in a confused heap at his feet. It had not caught.

"Too low!" was the growling ejaculation 'I'll try again." Once more he flung the cords up against the

wall: and once more the attempt was a fail-"Curse such luck!" muttered the fellow, angrily and excitedly. "I'll arouse that drowsy policeman; then I'll not only lose my chance,

but raise the very devil himself. Here goe He suited the action to the word. This time he

met with better success; for the line caught fast to some projection on the wall above, and

The man cautiously pulled on it—even going so far as to bear his weight on the slender cords. But they did not give way; they were made of good stuff. Without waiting further the fellow began the

ascent of the swaying ladder, and in a mo-ment he paused directly under the window above. He listened long and keenly; but all was still.

Cautiously the man passed a thin-bladed knife under the shutter. Pressing on it steadily he suddenly but softly opened the shutter. Again he paused for a moment; but it was only for a moment. He noiselessly pushed up the sash, and in an instant had leaped lightly into the room.

That apartment was the library of old Thompson Floyd. The door leading out was closed.

For a moment the midnight visitor stood still and flashed his eyes around him in the gray darkness. Then groping his way around the table he finally reached the iron safe, to which reference has been made. Stooping, he drew from beneath his coat a small dark-lantern, and, turning the light partly on, drew a key from his pocket and inserted it slowly and carefully into the lock. But the hidden bolts refused to yield. Again and again he turned the key; and always with the same result.

"Hang it!" he muttered between his teeth. "The old man grew cautious before he—Well, before he committed suicide. But I dare say I know his trick."

say I know his trick.

He drew out a pocket-knife, and thrusting one of its small blades into the key-hole, pushed it straight in. A slight snap was heard. Again it straight in. A slight snap was heard. Again introducing the key, he turned it. The bolts moved smoothly back, and the safe was open-

Then ensued a long search. Every drawer was taken out and its contents noted; every package of papers was looked through, and still the man was not satisfied. At last he had gone through everything in the safe. He paused and whistled softly to himself. But he carefully restored the drawers and papers to the safe. and noiselessly locked the ponderous iron door As he slowly straightened up, the light from his lantern fell on his face and revealed a strange blending of expressions resting there. Disappointment was plainly to be seen; but along with it was an ill-concealed expression of

joy and hope.
"'Tis not here!" he muttered. "Then, by heavens! he did not make one after all! If so, 'tis

all the better!' Saying this, he drew the screen over the face of the lantern, hid it beneath his coat, and drew near the window. Leaning out, he arranged the ladder of cords with a running noose, cautiously got out upon it, lowered the sash, closed the shutter and descended, drawing the frail support after him.

CHAPTER XX.

LAW AND JUSTICE. Some weeks have elapsed since the events re corded in the foregoing chapter. But they were not idle weeks with those whom we have introduced to the reader.

It had become a settled conviction that poor old Thompson Floyd had committed suicide, in a "moment of temporary insanity," as the papers have it. And, indeed, it looked so.

The city had authorized the dragging of the river near the dam, but this eventuated in no satisfactory result. Moreover, to do this entailed much labor and trouble, for it had been necessary to cut a drift through the already

In addition to this, Clinton Craig had offered large rewards for any information which might throw some light upon the old gentle-man's untimely taking off. But all was unavailing; the hat taken from the ice alone

pointed to the solution of the mystery. At last funeral services were held over-or rather in memory of-the deceased, and grad ually the affair faded from public notice. three weeks from that startling night of events, as before given, the mysterious occurrence was seldom referred to, and scarcely created re-

mark. So soon are the dead forgotten. At the funeral sermon, which was given in the fine Spruce street mansion, Algernon Floyd was present, calm and dignified and honoring the occasion with a black band around his hat,

and a piece of crape about his arm. Another point we will note here: As soon as t was settled that Mr. Thompson Floyd was dead, his dark-browed nephew had returned to the rich mansion, bringing his effects with him. To this, Clinton Craig, idignant though he was, could say nothing. He was not the master; but Algernon Floyd was the old man's

blood nephew—his only relative in the wide world! He, then, of all others, had a good right to make the mansion his home. So the law looked at the matter; and Algernon Floyd had

duly consulted with legal talent. Then the question of the will came to the sur face; and soon afterward it was mysteriously hinted that the old man had left no will! This report speedily reached the ears of Clinton Craig. For a while he paid no attention to it; but again and again the rumor reached him, each time bringing with it something more of authority, something more than a vague shadow of truth; and there was more reason that the young man should pause and look into the matter. Clinton Craig had noted Algernon Floyd's presence at the mansion, his quiet, independent way, his unopposed gliding into authority. Coupled with the rumors which were coming daily, this latter circumstance made the young man stop and think. And as he thought he trembled.

The reader can well understand why Clinton Craig trembled. The young man, on those occasions, was thinking of Minerva. How would she like it, should Algernon, and not himself, succeed to old Thompson Floyd's estate?

And Clinton Craig well knew that if he in herited nothing from his adopted father's property, he would be a beggar!

This thought staggerd him.

These same rumors, spreading everywhere that it could find an ear, in due time reached Minerva Clayton, the bank-president's daugh-When the maiden first heard it, she was making an elaborate evening toilet to receive Clinton Craig, whose arm, be it remarked, had now so much improved that he went out without inconvenience. The girl was standing before the elegant mirror, arranging her dark, heavy tresses, when Margarette, her maid, entered the

"There is some strange news in the streets, Miss Minerva," said the domestic

"Ah! yes; what is it?" asked Minerva, lan-guidly, as she looped up her hair.

"Why, they say, ma'am, that the rich old Mr. Floyd left no will, that Mr. Clinton Craig is out in the cold, and that Mr. Algernon, who always thought the handsomest, with his fine black beard, is to get all the piles of money!

News indeed! The effect of it on Minerva was startling The blood streamed to her face; then her cheeks were ashen hued. She tottered back and sunle

nto a chair. "Yes, yes, Margarette; that is news!" she auttered. "But you can go now." The girl, with wonder showing on her face, muttered.

urned to go; but as she laid her hand on the oolt, Minerva said to her: "One word, Margarette; should Mr. Craig

come here this evening, see to it that you answer the bell, and say 'not at home,' for me!" "Yes, ma'am," and the girl left-wondering, perhaps, at the fickleness of wom-an's heart, for, but an hour before, she had been instructed to receive young Craig with her blandest smiles, and to conduct him to the little private parlor to the rear.

When the maid had gone, Minerva reared ner head like a tigress at bay, and glared fierce-

ly around her.
"And is it to end thus?" she ejaculated, hoarsely. "Must my ambitious striving thus Thompson Floyd's money added to mine—ye gods! Where would it place me? And to think that but now I held it at my beck and call. Can this hideous report be true? Or is it only an ugly, distorted dream? Arouse you, Minerva Clayton, and decide! Would you throw aside a dark-bearded, lordly-looking man with loaded coffers, for a fair-bearded ladies' pet with small hands and blue eyes? We'll see! ay! we'll

Her voice sunk to an inaudible mutter For long, weary hours, Minerva Clayton sat there, half robed in her splendid evening toilet. But as the moments and the hours flew by the gloom and chagrin settling on her brow passed away, and the smile of a dawning triumph

broke over her face. "Yes!" she murmured, griping her hands gether. "I see my way. And it is well together. very well!"

That evening when Clinton Craig, buoyant and happy, despite the vague fear of impending which was annoying him, ascended the steps of the princely Clayton mansion, he rung the bell with a bold and confident hand.

His summons was rather tardily answered by Margarette. The young man at once with a smile of recgnition to the girl walked into the vestibule and was about entering the passage, when Margarette half-barred his way and said quite

curtly Miss Clayton—not at home, sir." "Not at home, Margarette?" asked the oung man in surprise, a vague fear stealing

ver his heart. "Not at home, sir," was the reply. "You must be mistaken, Margarette. have a note from Miss Clayton bidding me to

call this evening. "Of that I know nothing, sir; but I am in structed by the young lady to say 'not at home' to you," and half-forcing the young man from the vestibule, she closed the door.

Astounded and almost bereft of his senses Clinton Craig staggered down the steps and reeled almost helplessly away in the dark, wling night. But a blacker night of woe and misery had settled over the young man's soul, as tottering along, he chanced to glance aloft at the lordly pile, and saw behind a gauzy curtain, in a certain brilliantly-lit room, the queenly form of one whom he worshiped madly

We hasten. This dim, uncertain report that old Thompson Floyd had left no will came to the ears of an other-of Dr. Ashe. In him there was no surprise manifested; no starting-nothing but a stern, suspicious frown wrinkling his brow, a mo mentary clenching of his hands. When he heard the rumor he was seated in old Mr. Ray's parlor chatting pleasantly in an old-fashioned fa-

miliar way with Alice. And when Alice had heard the report, which, should it prove true, would so change the fortunes of one still dear to her, she clasped her hands and murmured:

'Poor, poor Clinton!" Dr. Ashe glanced quickly at her; but jealousy did not gleam in his eye; for there was none in his heart. While the same stern frown rested on his brow, he said:

"I thought as much, and mark me, Alice; the report will prove true." One more prominent character of our story heard the report. This was Algernon Floyd. He was sitting in his same old room in the man-

sion, reading an afternoon paper, when a coarse ooking man entered the apartment, without knocking "Ah, Algy!" he said, seating himself famil rly. "Strange news is abroad in the city!" But Algernon Floyd scarcely lifted his eye

from the paper, as he answered: "I hope it is good news, Jem? "You can judge for yourself, Algy. Why

'tis said that the old man Floyd shuffled off this mortal coil without leaving a will!"

Algernon Floyd showed no surprise, what-

ever. He simply ejaculated:
"Ah?" and arising from his chair strode, once or twice, up and down the room. Then

he paused and said carefully:
"This is very good news, Jem. I daresay
it is true. Ay! and, Jem, suppose we had found my poor uncle's body under the cold water, where would Clinton Craig have found the money to pay the large reward he offered? But now, Jem, we'll see what law and justice

(To be continued—commenced in No. 338.) CHECKMATE.

BY HENRI MONTCALM. The sunset rays steal through the vine-clad trellis, Touching with rosy tints the gathering gloom; And, like red wine poured from a golden chalice, Flood all the room.

Still sit we here, the adored and the adorer; Her poor slave I, and she my soul's proud queen Her glorious head erect, mine bowed before her; A checkered board between.

The game begins; the White King's Pawn advances I move the Red, as one wrapt in a dream. I only know her eyes' bewildering glances, Their maryelous gleam.

Her Bishop moves, among the foremost lingers; Mine follows blindly, heedless of the fight. I only see the flash of jeweled fingers, Dazzlingly white.

Then, with triumphant step, her Queen comes after; I mark the peril, but alas! too late. I only hear a peal of mocking laughter, A word—"Checkmate!"

The sunset fades; the twilight shadows, fleeing, Still leave us in the oriel's dim recess. I stt, my whole soul concentrate in seeing— Drunk with her loveliness.

Like some awed suppliant before the altar, At her sweet shrine all trembling then I kneel; And in ill-suited phrase my pale lips falter Their passionate appeal. With dawning hope, I wait her tardy answer;
(They who consent are they who hesitate.)
She points me to the board—"Read, if you can, sir!"
I read—"Checkmate!"

Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THE LEAGUE ASSOCIATION.

THE approach of the close of the first season of the existence of the League Association brings with it a position of affairs in which the well-known query, "What are you going to do about it?" comes in with decided pertinency, and the reply to the query by the League Associa-tion will be looked for with considerable interest. It will be remembered that the reasons assigned by the League delegates for throwin out the New Haven club at their convention in March last, was, that that club had not only failed to carry out its programme for the sea son and to play their return quota of games with the Western nines; but also that clubs which had been obliged to play games at New Haven in regular order of appointment, had done so at considerable pecuniary loss. In order to obviate any such results this season, the League established the following constitu tional law:

"Each club entering the lists shall play ten games with every other club so entering, and if any club shall, of its own fault, fail to finish its se-ries with every other club, its games shall not be counted at the close of the season, and such club shall not be eligible to enter the championship lists the en-suing season."

Now it has happened that since July last the receipts of the League club contests in Hartford, Brooklyn and Philadelphia have scarcely been sufficient to reimburse visiting clubs their expenses. Especially has this been the case. with some very few exceptions, during the last tour of the Western clubs East; the visiting teams, in fact, but for their remunerative games with amateur nines on that tour, rould have lost money in every city save Moreover the co letic club treasury is so low-not to mention that of the Mutual club—that they have de-clared their inability to incur the expense of

making their last Western tour of the season Logically and consistently, therefore, it be-comes the duty of the League to treat these failing clubs just as they did the New Haven club, and hence the interesting query of "What are you going to do about it?"

Another matter in which the action of the League against the Philadelphia club has come ome to them rather pointedly, is the fact of the indefinite postponement of the arranged match between the St. Louis and Chicago clubs arranged by mutual agreement to be played on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, Sept. 18th.

In Article 5 of the League Constitution there is the following section:

"Every club of this League shall have exclusive control of the city in which it is located, and of the control of the city in which it is located, and of the territory surrounding such city to the extent of five miles in every direction; and no visiting League club shall, under any circumstances—not even with the consent of the local League club—be allowed to play any club in such territory other than the League club therein located."

This law was introduced as "a sop to Cerberus," in other words, it was done to prevent any club playing with the expelled Philadel-phians other than the Athletics. The former club was thrown out as unworthy of association with League clubs, but yet the Athletics were allowed to play with them. But now the rule has come into play with telling effect against the pecuniary interests of two of the Western nines, inasmuch as it prevented them playing the grand match on the Union grounds, Brooklyn—St. Louis vs. Chicago—which would have yielded the clubs nearly three thousand dollars. No such law should ever have been enacted, as we said last March, and now doubtless it will be seen that we were right.

EAST VS. WEST.

The issue between the League clubs of the East and West was virtually settled at the close of the last Eastern tour of the Western nines, for though there are several games ve remaining to be played, the West have secured too great a lead to be overcome. As the championship question, too, may be said to have been settled, it will be seen that the West no only carries off the championship pennant which has hitherto been held in the East since the organization of the championship contests, but also the honors in the contest between the representative teams of the two sections. Be low will be found two tables showing the game won and lost by the League nines in the series of games between the Eastern and Western

	WEST.	Hartf'd	Boston	Mutual	Athl'c	Won	EAST.	Chia'go	St. Lo's	Louisy.	Cin'n'i.	Won
1	Chicago St. Louis Louisville Cincinnati	4511	8440	7 6 5 1	8	26 23 16 5	Hartford Boston Mutual Athletic	4011	3410	7432	6875	20 16 12 8
1	Games lost.	11	16	19	24	70	Games lost.	6	8	16	26	56

It will be seen that in the cities in the East where base-ball has been longest in vogue, viz., New York and Philadelphia, the weakest play has been shown-or, rather, not the weakest play so much as the poorest management, especially as regards training, discipline and field management. In the West the best-managed club takes the lead by the force of good training, reliable players and good field manage-ment, the really stronger-playing team taking second place from the want of these important essentials of success. The Western nines closed their tour East with a brilliant finish, they win-

ning all four games on the last day of the tour.
The result of the last week's play is as follows: 1 Boston. 4 Mutual. 6 Athletic Louisville . . Cincinnati .

Totals ...12 Totals ... 20 The positions of the nines in the pennant

race up to Sept. 21st was as follows:
 Won
 Lost
 Wol

 ..49
 13 Louisville
 .29

 .42
 18 Mutual
 .21

 .38
 18 Athletie
 .14

 ..35
 25 Cincinnati
 ...

The following table shows what games the League nines yet have to play together, dating

from Sept. 21st:										
Clubs,	Athletic	Boston	Chicago	Cincinnati	Hartford	Louisville	Mutual	St. Louis	Games to be played.	
Athletic. Boston. Chicago Clicinnati Hartford Louisville. Mutual. St. Louis.	0220232	0 222202	22 02020	220 2021	0222 202	22002 20	302202 2	2201202	11 10 8 9 10 8 11 9	
Totals	11	10	8	9	10	8	11	9	76	

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WHAT A WOMAN'S MADE OF.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Of what is woman made, you ask?
To tell it all would be a task—
A theme a great deal could be said of;
But if you'll listen for a spell,
I'll rack my memory to tell
A few things that a woman's made of.

oman's made of lawns and lace, A woman's made of lawns and lace, Of finger-rings and whalebone stays, And parasol to keep the shade off, And lengthened trails of silks and such, And bonnet-flowers you must not touch, And that is what a woman's made of.

Of bows and ties, and earrings fine,
And gorgeous breast-pins by the mine,
And paint and powder you could spade off,
And curls and tresses you could steal,
And yet the theft she'd never feel,
And these are what a woman's made of.

Of polonaise and furbelows,
And useless buttons all in rows,
And bias cuts exactly laid off,
And starch and frills, and bows and cuffs,
And braids and buckles, hose and puffs,
And these are what a woman's made of.

Of spiral springs and buttoned shoes, And bustle that is all a ruse, And scarf whose color will not fade off, And striped hose, and pinback dress, And bodice-strings that make her less, And these are what a woman's made of.

Of floundering flounces, flutes and plumes, And ribbons from the finest looms, And pins a man-of-war's afraid of, And edgings fine, and combs and chains, And fan, and kids that give her pains, And these are what a woman's made of.

Nine tailors work to make a man: A woman's on a different plan, For which a hundred men are paid off, Since countless factories and hands Are hard at work to meet demands For things of which a woman's made of.

Yankee Boys in Ceylon: THE CRUISE OF THE FLYAWAY

BY C. D. CLARK, AUTHOR OF "IN THE WILDERNESS," "ROLL AND RIFLE," "CAMP AND CANOE," ETC.

VI -THE RED ANTS. THE DYING ELK. THE villages of the Cingalese were left behind, and they plunged into the midst of the forest of Kandy. That forest covered the ground which, two hundred years before, had upheld flourishing cities and the grand monuments of Eastern skill. But the cities were gone and only the ruins of the temples and palaces, which time could hardly destroy, remain ed to mark the spot where the cities had been The elephant, the tiger and the buffalo made their haunt amid the crumbling relics of the civilization passed away. Miles away from any village, surrounded by trackless forests and ngles, they made their camp, and prepared for the battle with the greater game which

they had not yet met.
Up to this time Will Wade had been lucky Fortune had given it into his hands to have th laugh upon his brothers in every instance, but the time was coming when he was to get into trouble himself. After the first night in their new camp Will, Ned and Richard, accompanied only by the charmer and the two dogs, left the camp for the purpose of killing small game for the camp supply. They carried their rifles in case they should meet any game which their shot-guns could not touch, and double-barreled pieces for the smaller game. Will was a lit-tle in advance, for the rest had halted to drink at a beautiful spring, when, as the boy passed under a tree, something which looked like a bent and decrepid old man, with a flowing beard, bent suddenly from the branches above him and snatched his gun from his hands. It was the gray-bearded monkey of Ceylon, and one of the largest kind. Will uttered a yell of anger as he saw his beautiful gun going up in the hands of this grinning satyr to the very top of one of the huge talipot trees, the leaves of spreading out like umb quick temper, literally danced with rage as he sent shot after shot from his revolver flying up into the tree, in which this remarkable thief had taken refuge. The other members of the party, who had seen the theft, fell to the earth vulsions of laughter.

What do you mean by lying there, tearing up the ground and laughing at me? Why don't you help me to get my gun, you blockheads?" roared Will.

Even the grim Charmer smiled at the situation. He knew well that it would be useless to attempt to get the monkey down, and as long as he kept himself concealed among the great leaves of the tree they could not get a shot at Will, nearly beside himself with rage, was running up and down in front of the tree, trying to get sight of his invisible foe, when onkey made his appearance, walking across the trailing vines which passed from one tree to another. Midway between the trees he paused and fixed his eyes upon the party below, who began to cock their rifles. nothing on earth which a monkey will not try to imitate, and he began to pull at the hammer

of his gun, in imitation of them. 'Stop," said the Charmer. "Do not fire at him, and you will see some sport.

He lifted the light gun which he carried and fired at graybeard. He had managed to cock the gun in some way, and was holding it in both hands, with the butt against his breast, when he accidentally touched the trigger.

Will uttered a cry of delight as he saw the monkey fly off the vine, literally kicked from s perch as the butt of the gun struck him in the breast. He loosed his hold of the weapon. and it came rattling down through the leaves, while the gray thief, turning a double somer-sault, came tumbling after. Half way down he caught a swaying bough and hung suspended. Before they could fire he sprung up rap idly, and was again concealed among the leave of the talipot, probably the most astonished monkey in the wilderness of Cevlon. The boys laughed until the tears ran down their cheeks and even the staid Charmer condescended to

Will picked up his gun with a crestfallen look, and proceeded to load the empty barrel. He was one of those practical jokers who can appreciate a good joke better when it is on some one else, and the laughter of his brothers did

"How Sawyer will laugh when we tell him," said Dick. "I'd give fifty dollars to have had him here."

"Oh, yes; wait until you get into a scrape and see how you like it," replied Will. "I'l get even with you before we get through with this hunt."

"If you do the laugh will be on us," said Dick 'Come along.

Will, who was rather sulky at the ill luck which had befallen him, again ran on in advance, followed by his gun-bearer, the man

something before they got a chance he would have the best of them.

Young master sahib," said the bearer. "You be careful; s'pose you meet elephant, you git kill.

'I am not afraid of an elephant," replied the boy, haughtily. "You not afraid, maybe; s'pose elephant

come, you be sorry."

They were passing through a little open glade, in the midst of which arose a number of conical mounds, nearly three feet high. Hearing a noise in front, Will leaped on one of these to look ahead, in spite of the warning cry of the bearer and the shouts of the Charmer, who was close behind. No sooner had his feet struck the mound than he went up to his shoulders in a dry powder-like earth, while a cackle of delight broke from the lips of the bearer Hardly had Will's feet touched the solid earth below the mound when he was suddenly at tacked in all parts of his body by savage bites, al most like the sting of bees. The bearer caught him by the shoulder and dragged him out, followed by myriads of gigantic red ants, into whose palace he had broken. They swarmed about him like bees, and he danced in agony while he tried in vain to free himself of his troublesome enemies.

"Pull off your clothes, sahib," cried the Charmer. "It is the only way." Assissted by the two natives, his clother

were rapidly stripped off and flung aside, while they brushed off the insects which were clinging to his person, biting fiercely. Ned and Dick were forced to turn away to hide their laughter, for Will was mad enough to commit crime if he had seen them laughing now. last he stood, a nude statue, with a hundred lumps rising on all parts of his body, where he had been bitten. The Charmer gave his clothes to the bearer, and ordered him to turn and shake them, brushing off every ant before he brought them back.

"Now, don't laugh," said Will, grinding his teeth. "I am patient, I am very pa-

And to prove it, he foamed at the mouth! "It is not pleasant, I believe," said Ned, but upon my word, I should have laughed—Yah! Take em 'off, some one! Oh, thunder and surf; blood and bones! The thieves have got

on me! Some of the seattered enemy had swarmed up Ned's trowsers legs, while he stood laughing at Will, and had given him a taste of the fun. Instantly Ned was transformed into a raving maniac, dancing wildly about, and undressing imself more quickly than he had ever done

"How do you like it?" demanded Will, "If ome of them would only pitch into Dick now

I could die happy."

The Charmer had hurried away and nov came back with a quantity of leaves, which he rapidly crushed to a pulp between two stones This done, he anointed the body of the boy with the pulp, and although it made him dance at first, the result was soon apparent in th rapid subsiding of the numerous bunches. Ned, who had only been bitten in a few places, was next attended to, and after they had satisfied themselves that none of the obnoxious insects remained in their clothing, they went on.

You are learning natural history very fast, Will," said Richard. "You know something of the habits of the bearded monkey, and have investigated the inner structure of the ant

"Oh, it is all right," replied Will. "You have got the best of me this time, but by George! if you don't give me a chance to laugh at you before we go back to camp, then I am a jackass, that's all."

But Will no longer marched in front. He

was satisfied that the Kandians were better acquainted with the ways of these forests than he was, and quite content to let them go in front.

They were now approaching a "tank" or pond to which the wild animals came to drink, and the bearers gave the word for caution. At last they reached a place where a path, beater hard by the feet of heavy animals, led through a defile

"This is the place," said the Charmer. "They must come this way to get out of the tank and you must give it to them when they come out. Remember that it is deer we want now, to make food for the camp.'

The hunters were planted upon the high rocks on each side of the defile, from which they could pour the shot into the game as it passed, eight or ten feet below them. Will's bearer, accompanied by Pete, now left them. running along the sides of the ravine toward the tank. The bellowing of the buffalo, the peculiar whistle of the deer, and the grunting of hogs, could be heard not far away. Half an hour passed, and the crashing discharge of the guns-which the bearers had taken with them-and their shrill cries, echoed through the rocky glen. Hardly had this been done when the noises at the tank increased, and thou sands of game birds, hares and such small game, went down the pass. Behind them the earth shook under the tread of coming hoofs and they knew that the huge game was coming First came a drove of hogs, wild with fear their white teeth gleaming as they dashed down the pass. Next a herd of small deer, somewhat like the American red deer. Upon these the boys opened with their revolvers, for they were capital meat. Next came a drove of buf falo, making the earth shake beneath their feet, and Will brought down a fat cow and calf, while the rest, not having so many shots to throw away, waited, and not in vain, for behind the buffalo came a dozen elk, their great antlers tossing in the air. Every rifle was thrown forward, and as the elk dashed into the pass, shot after shot rained down upon them; and when they passed on, five elk, six red deer and the buffalo cow and calf, lay extended on

"A grand battue," said Dick, as he sprung down into the pass. "We may as well butcher these fellows, and get them ready for the

He walked up to the nearest elk, a gigantic fellow, with great branching antlers, and seizing him by the prong of the antler, drew his knife from its sheath and inserted the point in the loose skin upon the throat. He had scarce ly done so when he was hurled backward with tremendous force, as the elk, which was only wounded, strove to regain his feet. Richard still clinging to the antler, endeavored to strike, but the agile brute forced him back by sheer power of muscle, the extended antlers keeping him so far away that he could not strike any vulnerable part. Snorting with rage and pain, the mingled blood and foam dropping from his parted lips, and his feet stamping on the hard arisen, that, as luck would have it, every rifle was empty, and not a revolver in the party had a full chamber. Ned shook out the empty shells from his revolver, and pressed others in as rapidly as he could, before he sprung down they had hired in Colombo to take the place of to aid his brother. Then he leaped headlong

with his head lowered.

Richard bounded rapidly aside and at the ame moment a ball from Ned's revolver struck the elk near the base of the antlers, driving him to utter madness. Whirling on his hind feet like a pivot, he dashed straight at Ned, regardless of the shower of balls which he sent at Close by his side ran Dick, his bloody knife grasped and ready for a blow. The elk rose in the air, intending to crush the brave lad beneath his fore feet, when Richard, dart ing in, buried his long bowie to the very hilt in his heart. The elk gave a gasping sob, and fell like a log at the very feet of the young

"Well done, Dick," cried Ned. "Now take a lesson from a younger hunter than yourself, and never touch an elk until you are sure he is

'We have always something to learn on the hunting grounds," replied Richard. thing is certain; you have saved my life." And the brothers shook hands over the body of the slain elk.

My Jealousy.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

I was never jealous but once in my lifeand by that agony-suggesting word ' mean the full measure of torture that comto no heart as it comes to a loving woman' heart whose entire wealth of adoring affection s bestowed without stint on the loved, accept ed one. Men may think they have suffered the pangs of the monster, but from the very nature of things, from the undeniable truth that women are so much more trusting and worshiping than men, it follows that the trusting, worshiping ones are better capacitated for the horrible suffering.

Of course there was another woman in the case beside myself, and what made it so much worse, was the fact that she was as beautiful as she could well have been, and enchanting and accustomed to the adulation of men, while I was plain and so ordinary in manner that one of the wonders of my life was that Harry Lorne had ever seen or discovered anything in me to That he had, I accepted with awe and thankfulness, and gave him every whit of the devotion, the affection he wanted. We had been so thoroughly happy until Nellie Newell came to spend the winter with the Carringtons, and as the Carringtons and the Lornes and my family were very of each other—and considerably more than a reat deal, it seemed to me, of Miss Newell: and his fact, added to the one that, from the very first, Harry had expressed the most extravagant admiration, made me begin to dislike her efore I had any legitimate reason for do

Looking back to-day, while the mood is on me for recalling those times, I can see how lovely Miss Newell was, and actually feel amused, for the moment, that I always so obstinately disputed her title to beauty, whenev er any one canvassed her appearance. But only for a moment, for the horrible agony o that time has left an ineffaceable impress ion on me that leaves no room for more than passing amusement when I recall it, as I so seldom do.

The contrast between Miss Newell and I was vividly striking. She was a blonde of the purest, fairest type, with the most bewitching blue eyes that ever drooped under golden-fringed lashes—eyes that had a way of their own, that could send such glances, so full of aressing tenderness and ardent meaning, while the faultless rosebud of a mouth would be demure and grave, or dimplingly smiling in the most innocent manner imaginable

Such a lovely girl, all pale pink and dainty blue, and pearl and golden tints, with her low, melodious, confidential voice, and her eloquent, ness of manner-and I, dark, and pale, and reticent, and with only the straightforward, out-and-out way" I had that Harry so often laughed about, to recommend me-no, there was more-the great, overwhelm ing, idolatrous passion of love I gave my lov er, in exchange for which, and plain me, had him in all his god-like beauty, his princely manners, his great fortune, and his love for me I never could quite understand how he came t care for me, and once, when he was unusually grave, I asked him how he ever could hav passed by so many desirable women and che sen me, he suddenly took me in his arms and held me strained to his heart, and only an wered me by a thrilling whispered—"Oh, M'aime, my little darling!'

He always called me "M'aime," and the graceful fancy of making the French words answer to a diminutive of my Christian name

"It means 'love me,' darling, and I shall always be calling you 'M'aime' in my heart-

From that every one came to say "Ma mie," but it never sounded like the "M'aime" knew my darling meant when he looked at me with his earnest, ardent eyes, that made me thrill from crown to footsole.

I loved him so-he was my realized ideal-ves even more, because I had never dreamed of such tenderness, such condescending devotion such overwhelming strength of lover-like au thority as Harry manifested, and I liked hi ways, and his "tyranny" the girls called it. and asked no greater happiness than to know he was my lord and master.

Right into this happiness Nellie Newell brought herself, and my Harry had not been acquainted with her a month before the trouble ame, whose memory hurts me as I write

There had been parties, and one or two balls and concerts, and carpet dances, and at every one Harry and Miss Newell and I had been-Harry as devoted to me as he always was, but at the same time very attentive to Nellie, whose "waltz step" he declared "suited him to perfection "-I wouldn't waltz, and would sit watching my darling as he whirled around with Nellie's beautiful figure in his arms, and wonder if he had the thousandth part of an idea that it made me feel-not angry, not exactly sorry, but-well, as if I must go tear him away from her, for fear lest he would never want the end of the dance to come.

I know now that was the beginning of my jealousy-but I never gave a sign or a token then of it, but let it go on, until just before the anniversary of our engagement—the firs year's anniversary, that I had indulged such sweet, secret hopes Harry would celebrat somehow But Nellie Newell seemed to have soil, the deer fought on. So suddenly had he driven it entirely out of his head; he called or her every afternoon regularly, and although several times Elsie and Leo Lorne had spent the afternoon with the Carringtons and Nellie. still, it did not lessen the hurt that I had been ignored, and that Harry and Nellie had been they had hired in Colombo to take the place of "Luke McGluke." He wanted to get ahead of from the rocks, just as the elk shook off Rich-days—I was proud, and so hateful that it was has never touched my heart. Tell me to go to have to sit up till four o'clock in the morning.

the rest somehow, for if he could only kill ard's hold upon the antler and dashed at him a wonder that Harry came to me, as one lovely mild morning, a couple of days before our anniversary, he did, with a half-roguish, half-troubled look in his eyes, as he sat down beside me on the lounge where I was sewing, and took my work out of my hands, and laid his handsome head on my shoulder, and wrapped his arms around my waist.

'M'aime, what's the matter? It worries me to see you so still and grave. Little darling you're not angry with me, are you!"

It wasn't often this lordly lover of mine con descended to sue for even the smallest favor at my hands-he had a way of demanding, with a caressing sort of authority—and this tender little entreaty touched me, and broke down my pride, and made me suddenly lean down and kiss his forehead and make my complaint.

"Harry! not angry with you—never angry with you—but Nellie Newell is coaxing you away from me, and if she succeeds—I shall die!" That was all I said, and Harry first smiled at my passionate words, then I saw the tender-

ness deepen in his eyes, and such a grave, sweet look come around his mouth. "M'aime, I thought you trusted me perfect-ly. If you did, Nellie Newell nor any other woman could make you fear for me. I have

aid I loved you."

I was sobbing in his arms now.
"Oh, yes. I know, I know—but she is so

oretty, and so fascinating, and, Harry, if—" He interrupted me so lovingly, so patiently. "Darling, there can be no 'if' between us You seem to dread the influence of Miss New-ell's beauty on me. M'aime, little girl, don't you know you have a greater charm than mere physical attractions? Did you never hear of place duty the subtle indescribable 'something' about some women that cannot be resisted? Darling, that quality is yours—and in your humility, and your over-estimate of me, you wonder why

His words, his manner, his kisses should have atisfied me, but, somehow, they didn't. I felt like one who had gained a partial triumph, and who yearned for still further token of vic-

"If that is all true, be unable to resist me this afternoon, Harry. You have an engagement at the Carringtons', I presume—break it, and take me a drive over to Dunellen. He flushed just a little, then looked coolly at

me, then smiled faintly—that haughty, grandly-superior smile he had.

"I am sorry, dear, but you must excuse me to-day. Another time-I flamed in a second.

"Thanks very much! 'Another time' will not answer, and I would not think of being so cruel as to take you from Miss Newell, for all it is I who possess the indescribable 'something' that it is impossible to 'resist'—witness this present success. Good-morning, Mr.

I think my rage must have occurred to him as ridiculously childish, but he courteously smothered the smile in his eyes.

"I am very sorry it has happened so, and I am equally sure you will go with me to-morrow, despite that terrible 'Mr. Lorne.' By-

He didn't try to kiss me, and went away. eaving me in a strange state of shame, fury misery and disappointment—on which com-bustible frame of mind the words of Biddy,

She had come into the sitting-room to re plenish the grate fire, and had found me watching Harry down the street, with my eyes full of tears that were caused equally by regret and distress and anger, and her long service in the family excused her officiousness in speaking as she did, while I can offer none in listening to and encouraging her as I did.

"Indade and I'd not be watchin' the loikes of him, Miss Mary-him that's so swate and sugary to the face o' yees, and a-gallivantin' around wid that yellow-haired crathur, and l'avin' the loikes o' yees to be a-pinin' and a-sighin' afther him! I know—me and Flury Ann Flannagan—her that serves to the Carther Harry and Miss Nellieme and Flury Ann peeped through the windy and hears the lovin' talk, and the lallygaggin' a-goin' on betwixt thim two—says I, duty to tell Miss Mary, and give her a friendly warnin' '-and I've tould yees and done me

Biddy regarded me with a curious, halfpitying interest that added truth to her words -words that stung me, in my then mood, like the bite of a scorpion. I remember how I sprung up from the chair, my heart throbbing ny blood boiling, my senses agonizingly acute. the quiet, reticent, "grave little thing!

"Biddy, are you telling me the truth? Rember—it is an awful thing you say—did you

ver hear or see-any-thin For very shame's sake I hesitated, but the

'By the name of the blessed Virgin it's the truth I'm tellin' vees! Niver a thing did my eyes see, for the lace curtains previnted-but wid the ears of me I heerd Misther Harry atellin' her how he loved her, and hate I yees, Miss Mary, and I heerd Miss Nellie's own confiss she would illope wid him on the first convanient opportu-

I felt my breath leaving me so that I could only gasp out a disbelieving cry.
"I don't believe it! I don't believe it!"

Biddy took her japanned coal-scuttle indig-"Indade and it's the first time in monv year Biddy Mulcahey's word's been t'rowed in her face! And if yees can't take my word, and Flury Ann's word, supposin' ye goes yer silf this afternoon and listens at the heater in the kitchen, and hear wid yer own ears, Miss

Mary—God love ye, ye poor child!"
Her feelings had evidently undergone a -and I-I hardly know now how I ever dared such an act, or how I carried it out, or how it ever happened that I sat crouching by the register in the Carrington house, with not one of the family dreaming I was there-there. and waiting for proofs of my darling's falsity and Nellie Newell's treachery, and my own

I hadn't to wait long. Harry's voice, unde niably Harry Lorne's, followed closely after some one who had entered the parlors above— Harry's dear voice, that I had been so sure had never said a word of love to a woman but

"My dearest! If you only knew how I had waited for this hour when I might see you

So this was the reason he had declined to drive me to Dunellen!

"-And assure you of my ever-increasing love for you-if such love as mine can be capable of an increase."

My heart was turning to stone-oh, why had I come? He went on, in his sweet, sweet

"Dearest-look at me-tell me you will be

her, my sweet, and demand my liberty, and

The triumph in that alternative seemed to curdle my very soul. It had come to thisthis! My god was a god no more, not so much as human, but only an image of defiling clay! I crouched beside the wall, praying to die rather than hear the voice I loved so truly utter another word so foully cruel.

And then, Nellie Newell's clear, vibrant roice, full of meaning, full of sweetness, came softly, distinctly down to my almost benumbed

"Then-I will be yours! But, do not think it is you alone who chafes under the chains that bind you-do you not know it is killing methis secret love for you, this pretended friendship for the girl I hate, but to whom, for your dear sake, I must smile and talk, and—"

That was the climax of horror and wrath and anguish and vague yearning for instant revenge—all the pandemonium of emotion into which I was hurled.

I deliberately arose from my post of espionage and went away, out into the dusk of the early winter evening; walked down the street homeward with a sudden calmness and apathetic insensibility that terrifles me now e remember, coming as it did on the heels of my ingovernable fury.

Then, after I had reached home, and removed my water-proof and gloves and vail, I went down to the library, and deliberately took from drawer in the cabinet one of my father's pistols—as fully, calmly, dispassionately determined to put an end to Nellie Newell's life as I ever was to perform the most trivial common-

How I hated her-how I hated her, for her face, and her voice, and her bewitching manners, that had won my one darling from me. I would cheat him of his satisfaction, however; he should not have her, if I could not have him. For hours I went about with that loaded, cocked pistol lying warmly in my pocket; for hours I was in that state of miraculous calm, with no pangs at my benumbed conscience, no horror at the prospect of sending a soul into eternity.

no fear of the consequences. Then, the mood suddenly changed, broken by the sound of Harry's voice, as he gayly inuired for "little M'aime." I heard it, and flew up-stairs to my room, with wild horror and anguish at sound of his voice asking for me, a would-be criminal. "Little Maime!" The words smote me like a two-edged sword, and in the same moment I realized what I was doing,

what I had anticipated. I put the deadly weapon away where I could not see it, and refused determinedly to go down stairs, despite the message Harry sent up— Did I remember to-morrow was just a year?" Then my mood passed to wild rage and fury that he dared come near me, dared speak my ame, after his outrageous treachery, and I

walked my floor for hours and hours, torn by the demons of the Hades of the soul Down-stairs they reported me sick with neu-ralgic headache, and Harry went away—to Nellie, of course—and the hours grew quiet, and midnight stole on and the dense darkness came that heralds the dawn, before I ceased my

restless promenade, exhausted, anguished. It was the anniversary morning of the day that had made me the happiest woman on earth. One year only—and now, this! I dressed and went down to breakfast, to startle them all with my ghostly face and bistre-circled eyes; to be congratulated—oh, mockery, and to endure -until the next time I saw Harry, when it all

should end. "End!" It never could end for me, till my life ended. Could I live, and know they two were together? And my distraught brain seized the morbid idea with the avidity a drowning man manifests when a life-rope is thrown him. I could end it—God was good—He knew all

about it—I didn't believe suicide was the "un pardonable sin"—I would die, and end it all! As the hours of that day passed on, I became more and more accustomed to the idea, and very well content with it; and by the time I had gone to my room to dress for dinner-I emember the grim satisfaction I felt at the idea of my dressing for the last meal I ever would take-I was cool of nerve, and steady of hand when I dropped the laudanum into the the time when I should go to bed-never to

Right into my half-smiling stoniness of reverie came a note from Leo Carrington, begging me to be at home that evening, as a few friends vere coming to have a social time.

It pleased me with a morbid delight, to entertain my friends, my treacherous lover, my deceitful rival, with smiles and pleasant words,

and then—go to eternal rest.

So I dressed myself freshly in my most be coming dress—Harry's favorite—an invisible plum-colored silk, en train. I put pearl oraments in my hair, and a red rose at my throat, and went down to find the front parlor urtained off from the back, and a dozen or so friends enacting the expectant audience.

Then - thinking what a veritable tragedy would be known before many hours, I looked as the curtain rolled up, and saw—Harry Lorne and Nellie Newell, in stagey attitude; and heard Harry's voice say, as he rushed forward and took her hand:

"Dearest, if you knew how I had waited for this hour when I might see you again, and assure you of my ever-increasing love for you—" I listened, with something that seemed like an iron hand relaxing a grip of my very soul. I remember rising gradually from my chair in a wild, frantic panic as I recognized the words, and after that-

It was weeks before I recovered from the brain fever that took me so near the river of Death that Harry almost went crazed with gony; weeks longer before any one knew what it all had meant-and then, not a living soul but my mother and my lover knew, or pected my terrible jealousy and its almost fatal result

Nellie Newell is my dearest friend now-in deed, I insisted that our baby should be named for her, although Harry wanted it M'aime. Nellie is married, and I see her at last as she really is, and as they all saw her then, but me -a sweet, charming, vivacious girl, who adores her husband almost as much as I do Harry.

So, it is all right now—all but the memory of those dark days that will never quite forsake me.

A country subscriber informs us that while operating a reaping machine the other day one his cows got in front of it and he soon had beef a la mowed.

Men, says Adam Smith, are naturally unsentimental. A man will scoop the bottom out of an egg without thinking that the mother of that egg is, perhaps, a hundred miles away, in

When a Sioux warrior makes love to a squaw, he throws a blanket over his and her my own despite the only obstacle that separates | head. If the old folks would only allow some